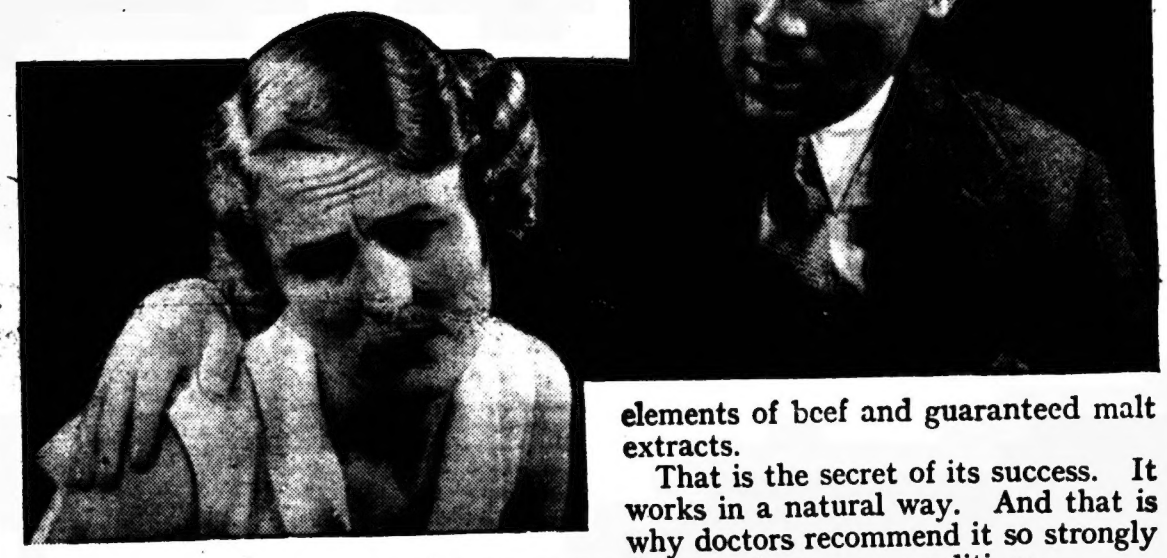
BRAVE LITTLE MOTHERS SEE PAGES 8 & 9.

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1376.

JOHN BULL

A word to all good husbands



IT isn't true that women can't help the worries of a household affecting their nerves and making them irritable. Perhaps they do take them too seriously and exaggerate them, but the real trouble is that they get run-down. The way to prevent it is to get your wife to take Wincarnis. That will put her right, build up and restore her nerves, let her sleep properly and help her to face the worries of her little world calmly and peacefully.

Get her to start taking Wincarnis to-day, a glass at 11.30, one in the afternoon, and another before she goes to bed. She will find it delicious, and you'll soon notice the difference it makes to her. The very first night she'll sleep more soundly than she has for months and wake up more refreshed and rested. Rapidly, her nerves will get better. She won't be so upset by small domestic troubles. And you'll see how much less tired she gets as her health and looks come back, how much brighter she is.

Really, it is amazing how quickly Wincarnis works, for the good it does is permanent good. Wincarnis contains no drugs. It is simply the purest of fine wine, with all the nourishing properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, combined with the strengthening elements of beef and guaranteed malt extracts.

That is the secret of its success. It works in a natural way. And that is why doctors recommend it so strongly for all sorts of run-down and nervous conditions.

Try Wincarnis yourself if you find it hard to sleep. A glass of Wincarnis before you go to bed is a sure soother of the restless nerves which have kept you tossing all night long.

If you are getting depressed by the difficulties of business, it will keep your nerves calm and cool, prevent your health giving way under the strain of overwork and worry.

Get your first bottle to-day. Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will tell you how good it is. 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

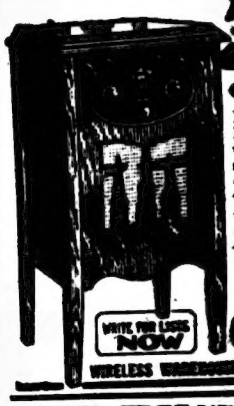
If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 267, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!



3 Valve RADIO £4.19.6

No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of wireless set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. **All sets sent ON APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID.** All ready to switch on. **Cash or easy terms.**

WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

Gas Motors

WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, DEPT. B, COVENTRY

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35.

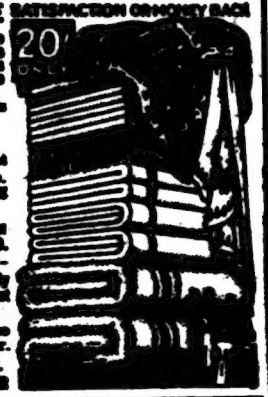
GET THE BIG FREE BOOK!

2,000 STARTLING money-saving Watch and Jewel bargains fill H. Samuel's Big **FREE BOOK!** Send postcard to the Factory now! Read-some FREE PRIZES. Any article C.O.D. This fine Nickelled Wrist Watch, tested timekeeper, is typical of the wonderful values offered! Lady's or Gent's size.

Dept. 168, Market Street, Manchester.

H. SAMUEL

QUILTS FREE SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK



2 Woolly Blankets 89/9
2 Rollon Shawls 89/9
2 White Pillow Slips 3/11
1 White Bolster Case 4/11
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
2 Chenille Fringes
2 Dainty Mantelcloths
1 Pair Art. Silk Sheen
1 Willow Pat. Dustless Set
All Double Bed Size.

Buy direct from our mill for service and value.

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

or single bed size 15/-

FREE GIFT of lovely WASHED DOWN QUILT sent with cash Bale.

Damask tablecloth also free if cash with order.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. B, Paton St., MANCHESTER

BARGAINS IN **TIMBER**

Large or small quantities.

DIRECT FROM REPORTER TO USER

Battens 1 in. x 1 in. .. 1/6 per 100 ft. run.
Matchings ½ in. x 4 in. .. 2/6 per 100 ft. run.
Weather Boards ½ in. x 4 in. x 6 in. 5/6 per 100 ft. run.

BUILD YOUR OWN Poultry House, Shed, Garage, etc., AND SAVE 50%.

GET OUR FULL LIST.

A complete range of Building Materials at lowest cost prices. Free Technical Advice.

BRISCO CONSTRUCTION SUPPLY CO., LTD., 449-453, Cromwell House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Chancery 3469

RUPTURE

The pads used on practically all rupture appliances are Ball or Oval (rounded), which press into the flesh (forcing it) and actually prevent the parts joining, instead of helping nature to hold and prevent the rupture. Mr. W. Blundell, the World-Famous Rupture Expert, has now invented a pad which has already revolutionised the rupture world. It is designed on an entirely new principle. This Illustration of a Spiral Elastic Pad shows the unique design and entirely different principle.

A. Covers actual Rupture Opening.
B. Pad thicker here. Therefore more protection is given.
C. Thickest part of pad, positive safeguard against extension of break.

These pads are extremely comfortable to wear.

WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM THAT ALLOWS YOU TO

Test it before you pay

You are invited to try the Appliance for seven days Free—no deposit required. Approved Societies usually allow the whole amount. Commencer Booklet sent Free. Write now.

BLUEMEL SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 1297), Head Office: 8/14, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

REAL HELP

The College which gives real help is The Bennett College. Tuition by post on all branches of Engineering, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Motor and all examinations, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Police, Commercial Art, etc. We specialise in all Institute examinations.

Write to us on any subject. Our advice on all courses, and the possibilities of employment therein Free. You will be under no obligation whatever.

THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Dept. 99, SHEFFIELD.

BABY-CLOTHES

FREE

60 HOME-MADE GARMENTS **21/9**

Including beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slips, Afternoon Gowns, Nightgowns, Mat. Coats, Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Napa, Pilches and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 2/- for parcel on approval, and satisfy yourself before paying balance on terms or cash, money back guarantee.

Expectant mothers should wear a maternity belt. I include one free, or, if preferred, a beautiful dressing jacket.

Mrs. Sturgess, 67, Billing Road, Northampton.

FUR GAUNTLETS

IDEAL FOR MOTORING, WALKING, CYCLING.

Take advantage NOW of this sensational offer! These British made fur gauntlets offer unparalleled value at 8/11. Made of the best Tan Cape, they are fleece lined inside, with the finest FUR on the back and inside cuff. As in the most expensive gloves you can buy, they are 'Prix seam' sewn—ensuring month after month of the hardest wear. They are well cut and comfortable and allow for great ease of movement. On the coldest winter day they will keep your hands 'alive' and warm.

MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED WITHOUT QUIBBLE OR QUESTION IF THEY FAIL TO GIVE YOU ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.

8/11 PER PAIR

Without a doubt, these gauntlets are worth double the money! Here is a bargain you must not miss! Get your pair TO-DAY, while stocks still last! Colours for Ladies' and Men's: Mink, Stone-marten, Viskonettes and Brown. All 8/11. Beaver Coney 1/- extra. Postage 6d. extra.

SAMPLE SHOE & GLOVE STORES, Dept. 5, 202, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E.

PLAY BAGATELLE THESE WINTER NIGHTS 7/6 DOWN BRINGS A RILEY TABLE

Send 7/6 and Riley's will deliver to your door, carriage paid and all transit risks taken, this popular 6 ft. Bagatelle Table, complete with accessories. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. The balance you pay monthly. Cash Price £6 10s. Also in 7 ft. and 8 ft. sizes. All laid completely away.

32 BILLIARD TABLES FREE. Write for details and price list.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., LAKE WORKS, ACCRINGTON. And Dept. 66, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

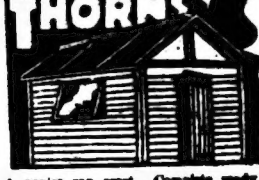
TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so remains, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 2031, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

THORNS' SALE



A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 castings to bolt together. 1-in. planed matched weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Exposure unseen if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2.10.0	or 5/6 monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6ft.	£3.17.6	or 6/6 monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£6. 0.0	or 10/6 monthly.

Carr. Paid. Stand for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 66, of Garages, Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,000 sizes and designs.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. Dept. 66, Bromyard Rd., Bromley South, Kent.

READICUT RUG WOOL

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE

(Or in hanks if desired)

Now better value than ever. Super qualities in Black and 100 shades. 6-ply and Cable. FREE Catalogue of 53 coloured rug designs and samples and prices of Wools, Canvas, etc. Send a P.C. to

READICUT WOOL CO. Dept. J.B., Ossett, Yorks.

FROM 1/- PER LB

BARGAIN LIST FREE

Greenhouses from 38/6 Bungalows from £16 7 6

Frames from 8/9 Motor Houses from £5 2 6 Huts from 29/-

Poultry Houses from 16/-

BATH'S

3-7, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Works: 41, Norwood Road & 163 Peckham Rye, London, S.E.

ASTOUNDING OFFER OF 400 ONLY

Unbreakable Glass

GENTS' Hall Marked **Solid Gold Wrist Watches** AT NEARLY HALF PRICE

Seize this great opportunity to buy a genuine £6 10s. Watch for 35/-, only. Solid Gold Government Hallmarked, strong and dust proof case, latest design.

SEND 5/- ONLY. Balance 5/- Monthly

Tested and fully guaranteed quality lever movement, jewelled with 15 rubies. Perfect timekeeper. Fitted fine leather strap.

Satisfaction guaranteed or deposit returned.

Goldsmiths Ltd. (J.B.), 161, New Bond St., London, W.1

BARGAINS IN WOOL RUGS

DELIGHTFUL "SPENWOOL" Rugs, entirely British made. Size 60 in. x 72 in. Light yet extremely warm, practically all Wool, bound edges, serviceable for the home as extra Blanket or bed cover, for travelling or as motor rug. So soft that they will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Will give years of satisfaction. State colour preferred and whether in plain, check or striated effect. Money back if not satisfied.

SAMUEL WOOD, Mail Order Dept., 57a, Northgate, Huddersfield.

Really worth 21/- Price only Carr. paid. **13/6**

AMAZING RADIO BARGAIN

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

POWERFUL 3-valve SET first ready to switch on for 5/- down and **75/-** CASH or **2/-** WEEKLY

Many other Superb Models, Screened-Grid, Battery and All-Electric Sets from 5/- weekly. Come and listen-in or

Complete with Loud Speaker, 3 British Valves, Exide Accumulator and Batteries, all self contained in a Beautiful Walnut Cabinet.

SEND P.C. FOR BIG FREE BOOK **Eclipse RADIO** (Dept. 3 AB.), 97 GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

Showrooms open until 8 p.m. (including Saturdays).

£1,000 Cash Won in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 184.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be sent:—

C. F. Adams, 101, Devon Mansions, Tooley Street, S.E.1.
Mrs. J. Gibbs, 59, Cameron Avenue, Skipton.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, November 8th, sending £1 therefore Five, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £500 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 25 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £10 : 6d.:—

W. T. Bardsley, 35, Princes St., Tunbridge Wells; L. Blunden, 35, Golborne Rd., Ashton-in-Makerfield; H. Bridges, 9, Cemetery Rd., Sheffield, 6; Stephens; J. Burley, 57, Clifton St., Stourbridge; J. H. Challinor, 131, Bromyard Rd., Birmingham; A. Clayton, 170, Hall Rd., York; Mrs. R. Coulson, Stoke Fire Haven, Stoke Ferry, Norfolk; Mrs. G. A. Eden, 151, Lawnside Rd., Bristol; Mrs. E. Edwards, 92, Whiteley Rd., Tottenham, N.17; Miss M. Evans, Newgate St., Doddington, March, Cambs; H. Fidgen, 42, Empress Gardens, Upminster; Mrs. L. B. Hamilton, Union Rd., Macharafoot, Co. Derry; Mrs. E. L. Hunt, 4, Glenmore Villas, Shed Rd., Slough; Mrs. H. Inman, 117, Langley Road, Tooting, S.W.17; Miss K. James, 34, Goodmayes Lane, Ilford; Miss M. Lambert, c/o 33, Oxford St., Norwich; T. Parr, 168, Hope Street, Leigh, Lancs; G. H. Pond, Aerodrome, Duxford; Mrs. A. Pearson, 10, Newstead View, Fitzwilliam, Pontefract; W. Rawlings, Mowbury, Dulcot, Bath; Mrs. T. Riley, 3, Heathfield Rd., Waterloo, Lancs; W. Riley, 179, Keith Rd., Barking; F. Schofield, 93, Pilgrim Crescent, Dewsbury; W. Taylor, Pinfold Lane, Carlton, Nr. Goole; A. Towell, 72, Culverley Rd., Catford, S.E.; A. G. Willard, 121, Vale Rd., Colwick, Nottingham; F. Wise, 382, King Street, Hammersmith, W.; A. Wynne, 33, Oxford St., Norwich.

As mentioned, £1,000 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two shopping coupons were received in the same competition.

Another Crossword with a First Prize of £50/- a Week for Life and Many Cash Prizes, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 33. Try Your Skill Now!

With every bale this **QUILT FREE!**

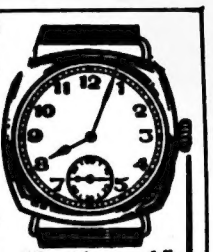
This excellent bale for only 20/- carr. free, cash or C.O.D.

2 Woolly Blankets 20/-
2 Fellow Sheets 20/-
2 Fine Pillow Slips 5/-
1 Good Bolster Case 5/-
1 Beautiful Bedspread 10/-
3 Col'rd. Turkish Towels 5/-
1 Pair Art. Silk Runs 5/-
1 Fruity Cushion Cover 5/-
2 Chamois Polishers 5/-
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs 5/-
ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE
A Damask Table Cloth free if cash with order.

Money back if not delighted.
STANDARD (Sturmer) Ltd., Dept. S.S., 191, Princess St., Manchester.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35.

SENT FREE



SOLID SILVER GENT'S WATCH.

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6. 2/- discount Cash with order.

LADY'S WATCH

Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value, 26/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. 2/- discount Cash with order. *Write for Catalogue.*

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO. (Dept. J.B.), 6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

£1-1-0

is all you pay for a charming **PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.** Many other similar bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright Grands and Consoles, with which I give

FREE RECORDS

Sent on Approval. CARRIAGE PAID. Small Monthly Payments. *Write for new Free Lists NOW.*

Also ask for a Free 1932 Cycle List.

"Orient" Dept. J.B.), 94 COVENTRY

"The Aircraft" WRIST WATCH
SMART · RELIABLE

7/9

The new type moving dial wrist watch at manufacturers' price. Gives time to the second at a glance. The movement is identical to most expensive models, and is modernly cased in fashionable Chromium, now preferred to gold. Absolutely shockproof, non-magnetic and fitted with the new clip spring which prevents over-winding. Complete with strap. Three year written warranty supplied with each Watch. Send for your "Aircraft" Watch NOW!

ANGLO AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS, (Dept. J.B.1) 18a, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

SEND NO MONEY

Write for Fully Illustrated Musical List.

The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor; Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/9. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction, you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly, until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order, or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.

J. A. DAVIS & Co. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

32

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARD TABLES

GIVEN AWAY.

Write for particulars to E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON. *And at Dept. 27, 147, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.1*

FREE

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS & HOMES

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise.

CARRIAGE PAID

GARAGES.
10'x7' £6 6 0
15'x9' £10 19 0

HUTS.
6'x4' £2 15 0
8'x5' £3 16 0
10'x7' £5 18 0
¾" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.
DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for illustrated catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. J, High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771

MONSTER 40/- BEDDING BARGAIN 40/-
CARR. PAID CARR. PAID

The value of our Bedding Sales is well known, but the contents of the Monster Sales now offered exceeds by far anything we have ever offered previously. The QUANTITY of articles has been DOUBLED, but the quality remains the same. GUARANTEED BRITISH MADE. Don't miss the wonderful Bedding offer. It may not be repeated.

One Magnificent **Art-Down Quilt** in Oriental Shades with Sateen Cover and Panels.
Two Pairs of English Made **White Woolly Blankets,** whipped and bordered.
Two Pairs of Real Lancashire Woven **Fine Twill Sheets,** soft and durable.
One lovely **Alhambra Quilt,** in all newest colourings and designs.
One splendid **Striped Bed Tick.**
Two Pillows well filled, hygienic filling.
One Pair of Pure White Longcloth **Pillow Cases,** hemmed and buttoned.
One Bolster Case, Pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
One Pair Striped Turkish Towels.
One Pair of Long **Nottingham Lace Curtains,** hardwearing, neat and pretty design; or **Two Pairs** of Lovely **Cream Curtains.**

40/- Carriage Paid.

FREE GIFT of this charming **CLOCK,** *suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

This Sale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars. *Treasury notes should be registered.* Money refunded if not satisfied.

L. & C. MOSS (Dept. 25) 38, CANNEL STREET, Ancoats, MANCHESTER.

HIDE GAUNTLETS

Overall length 15 inches

Of pliable nut brown stout hide, specially treated to render absolutely waterproof.

Cut in one piece, fingers gusseted and linen lining. These splendid Gloves are well-nigh indestructible and will give endless wear. **3/6**
Postage 6d.

Money-back Guarantee.

Take advantage of these surplus Government Military Gauntlet Gloves now, as they are an absolute bargain and undoubtedly cost treble our price to produce. Full Men's size only.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODHAYES, ILFORD.

The Greatest Footwear Bargain ever offered!

SOLID LEATHER THROUGHOUT

7/6 PER PAIR **FREE** 2 Pairs SOCKS (value 3s.)

To advertise our Catalogue.

Men's Stylish ALL-LEATHER Oxford Shoes, with selected Box Calf Uppers, solid leather soles and heels, and ½-lined leather. Every shoe warranted perfect new goods. Honestly worth 10/-. Our price 7/6, post 9d. Sizes 6-12. Black only.
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS, 1/- EXTRA.
Satisfaction guaranteed or cash back. C.O.D. if preferred.

ROSE BROS. (Dept. J.B.), 69, CHURCH STREET, CROYDON.

AMAZING VALUE!

EVERY PIECE BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE

clear saving of **10/-**

High Grade Canteen containing 26 Pieces of Stainless Cutlery. Six each dessert knives, mirror finish, best ivoroid handles, forks, spoons, teaspoons, 2 table spoons. Bramahs stainless knives are hand ground to a superfine cutting edge and can be sharpened like the old Sheffield shear steel. Complete in superb fitted solid Jacobean oak case. To-day's value 65/-. Price only 35/- carriage and packing free. Send for this genuine bargain NOW.

"Bramah" Cutlery is fully guaranteed.
THE BRAMAH MARKETING Co., Factors of Sheffield Cutlery, Plate, Steel and General Products, 92, West Street, Sheffield.

FROM 5/3 Per Month NO DEPOSIT 28 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. Strong, planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 6 payments of	12
6ft.	4ft.	6½ ft.	£2 17 0	10/- 5/3
8ft.	6ft.	6½ ft.	£4 7 0	15/3 8/-
10ft.	7ft.	7½ ft.	£6 1 0	21/3 11/2

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free
F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Queen Street, Keighley, Yorks. London Showrooms, 69-83, Oxford St.

BABY-CLOTHES

CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE **30/-**

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

76 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Knit. Robes, Lawn or Whincy Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Whincy Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Linders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Avoid inferior imitations. Get satisfaction by SENDING 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

IMPORTANT! No suggested free gifts offered. Everything included for 30/-. Original maker and guaranteed the best bargain.

MRS. J. B. HOWARD, 93, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

SLIM SAFELY

WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A **Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER**

for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

9 inches deep.

NOW REDUCED FROM 8/11 TO **4'11**

11 inches deep 5/11. Super quality 8/11. Fine quality silk elastic 13/11. Sizes 38-46—2/- extra on all.

Send p.o. now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 208A, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

THE MAN WHO MADE £1,720 PROFIT ON £14 WILL TELL YOU HOW HE DID IT—*FREE!*

YOU can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Invented by Charles Hand. Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 284, High Holborn, W.C.1, who made in the first year net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on outlay of £14. One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343. Write for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Business," to Chas. Hand, 284, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

(Mention J.B., and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

BEST OF ALL

PAIR SOCKS AND HANDKERCHIEF *FREE!*

Wearers say these shoes are the most comfortable ever worn, and much superior quality than imitations. Fit like a glove and mould themselves to the feet. Smartly stitched with high class, solid rubber heels, soles and flexible leather-like uppers, indistinguishable from 21/- patent leather shoes.

PER PAIR **3/9**

Postage 9d. ex.

All sizes for men, women, boys and girls.

Ideal for country, seaside and town wear. Equally as protective as goloshes, rain and wet cannot penetrate them.

J.B., CROYDON STORES, Footwear Specialists, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON

SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

Knee length with triple reinforced ankles and instep. Dull black finish. Warm lining throughout. Extra heavy soles and full depth heels (note non-slip tread). Heavier than most at twice the price. Flexible uppers. Easily slipped on and off. Absolutely waterproof and hardwearing.

All sizes 3 to 12.

10/- PER PAIR

Postage 1/- extra.

Send for a pair now. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TAKE UP BRITAIN'S GREATEST AND MOST PROFITABLE

AGENCY

New Easy Way for YOU to make Money.

'AMPRICO' AGENTS : *BEST PAID*
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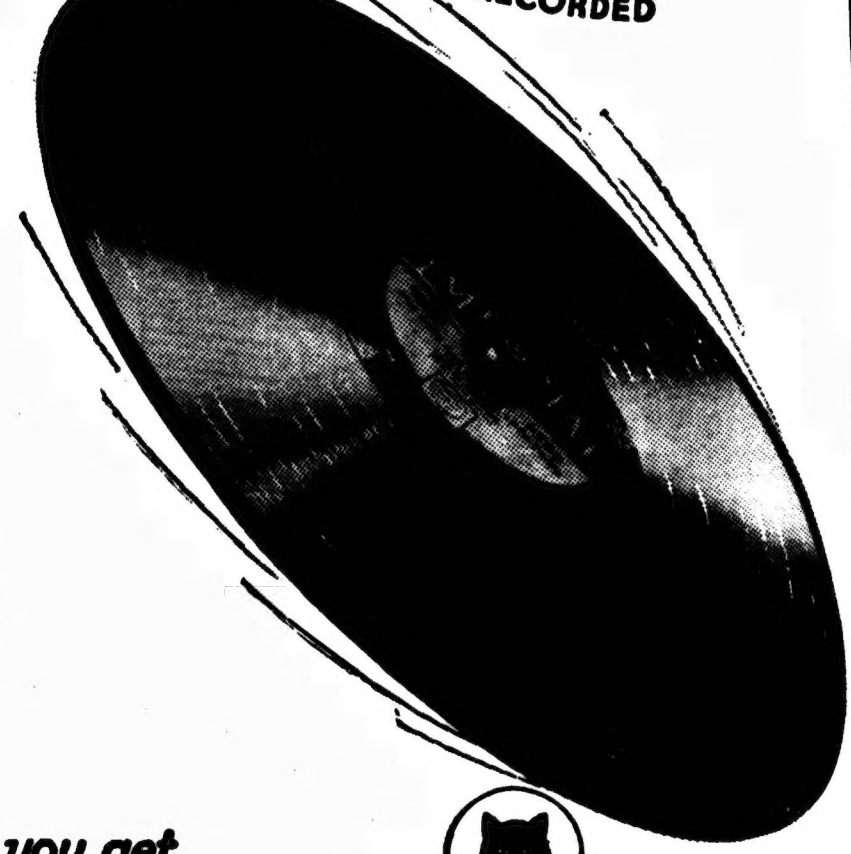

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WHY PAY?— WHY NOT?

The Great Unpaid Bills Evil

He can pay, but won't—and his dishonesty spells ruin for the shopkeeper

WHY Pay?

Becky Sharp asked Rawdon Crawley that when they were preparing to leave "The Ship" at Brighton.

Crawley, a rascal and a rake, had gone through his pockets and, as usual, had found very little in them.

So—"Why pay?"

Thackeray, in **"Vanity Fair,"** told the story of these two—the people who lived on nothing a year.

And if Thackeray came back he could tell the story of how thousands and thousands of people who can afford to pay contrive in these days to "live on nothing a year," while the tradesmen they bilk and swindle trudge along the dreary, hopeless path that leads to the Bankruptcy Court, and to the destruction of businesses that have taken half a lifetime to build up.

Scores of little establishments are being swept out of existence by the cheating of the people who *can* pay, but won't. Scores of big businesses are being hamstrung by the same conscienceless crowd.

Grocers, dairymen, butchers, drapers—they battle on, struggling for custom and giving credit in order to get it. Then suddenly the debtor decamps. And one more account in the tradesman's books is marked with red ink. The red mark means "Bad debt." Those red marks are spotted over ledgers to-day until they look like a rash on the body of a child with measles.

THE bilkers are not necessarily either the rich or the poor. Usually they are the "comfortably off," or those who pretend that they are comfortably off—the £10, £15 or £20 a week sort who "keep up appearances" and try to live on the £20, £30 or £40 a week standard.

Multitudes of them are doing that to-day, and the men whose butter and cheese and bacon they eat, whose milk their children drink, and whose clothes they wear, pay for them in long-drawn worry that too often ends in tragedy and disaster.

Without Fear or Favour

Go to the small tradesmen of any town, any suburb, and ask them how many Rawdon Crawleys and Becky Sharps they know. You will be astonished by the answer.

A few days ago a man was sued for £90 odd for demurrage on an aeroplane at Cannes, hire of cars, first-class train sleeper from Euston to Perth and a return fare by air to the Continent. He was described as "a man about town," admitted that he had been living lavishly, and that he was paying £7 a week rent.

When the judge asked him out of what he was paying the £7 a week, he replied: "Out of what I can get. I have been selling my shares to provide for myself, but I have no shares left."

That is one type of case, but, bad as it is, it is not quite representative of those we have in mind.

Take this one as an example. It is the case of a man with a wife and three children. He was earning £15 a week. His children went to boarding-schools, but never to the same one for more than two terms. That made it easier to evade the school bills, and so the unfortunate youngsters for quite a considerable time were dodged from this school to that one.

They did not know why, but the schools did when the bills went in. Fees, of course, are payable in advance, but schools are like tradesmen—they let the account run on a little rather than lose custom.

IN this case the tradesmen too were stung. Bills piled up until they could pile up no longer. Then "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So" went for a holiday, never returned, and their new address was "unknown"

Take another. A man, his wife, the baby and a maid lived in a flat rented at £100 a year. The grocer, a man in a small way of business, knew they had a five years' lease. The grocery bill climbed up to £40. Then the man, with his wife, baby and maid, moved suddenly. You may say the grocer was a fool. But that makes the other man no less a rogue.

That is just how the Rawdon Crawleys and the Becky Sharps are operating in their multitudes, and there are heaps of honest, harassed tradesmen who cannot sleep at night because of them. They cannot afford even to give the credit. Still less can they afford to stand the racket of the accounts that are never paid.

A spruce, well-dressed man walks away from his house or his flat to catch his train to the City. He passes the shop of the tailor whose suit he is wearing, and the window of the provision dealer whose breakfast he has just eaten.

His well-turned-out wife takes her afternoon walk and refuses to recognise the wife of the cooked-ham man who is going to send her up something "cut thin" so that sandwiches shall be available for her little bridge party.

Of course, there are honest debtors, the men and the women who have struck hard luck, and to whom the very thought of debt is a nightmare. But the tradesmen know them, and know that when the luck turns the debts will be paid. Those accounts are never marked with red.

The debtors who ruin business, and who bring despair into the lives of those who feed and clothe them, are the ones who can pay, but don't. Their name is legion.

And, in nine cases out of ten, they do not even need to flit from one district to another for a long, long time. It is quite easy for them to brazen out county court proceedings, and they do it. They need not fear publicity, for only in the rarest instances are the cases reported in the local papers.

THE people who won't pay—the habitual debtors—are doing more harm than all the smash-and-grab raiders and the motor bandits put together. They are restricting trade, killing little businesses, preventing the expansion of bigger ones, and loading up misery on the backs of men and women ten times more honest than themselves.

There are too many Becky Sharps, too many Rawdon Crawleys. The world and the honest people in it would be better off if there were fewer of them.

Why pay?

Why not?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Football Tours Threatened with Ruin

Another Dear Food Mystery

Fined for Being Honest

FAIR PLAY for the football player!

He is not getting it at present—not if he is one of the stars sent out by our crack teams to represent them on tours abroad

Star players have returned from visits to the Continent complaining bitterly that they are grossly underpaid for their services, though their clubs make fat profits out of the tours.

Greedy officials

As much as £2,000 is guaranteed to some of the English clubs as a *minimum* for three matches abroad.

Yet the players themselves get only £3 a match; though we hear that some of the officials who conduct these tours get many times the amount doled out to the stars the Continental crowds go to see

Unpaid star turns

Another grievance is that Continental companies pay handsomely for film rights of the matches, but the players who make the films get nothing out of it.

Leading players cannot be expected to go on playing for £3 a match when their box-office value is far greater.

And if they refuse to go it means that poorer players will be sent in their place, to the great detriment of the prestige of British football abroad.

The F.A. must act

The Football Association, we know, is carefully watching the situation.

We urge it, for the sake of the great game it governs, to hasten action to end for good and all this disgraceful injustice to its players.

Otherwise the greed of club officials must inevitably bring these football tours to ruin.

Time drags by

Three months ago the Minister of Health promised to investigate the possibility of helping distressed areas by increasing the local government grants payable to them.

He has made his investigation—but that is all.

With the approach of winter, poor law charges in those areas are increasing. Sir Edward Hilton Young must not delay any longer in taking the action expected of him.

Six to four on

Ten economists have expressed their views on the cutting-down of expenditure on public works.

Of course, these experts differ. Six of them say that if local authorities economise on municipal improvements they will simply make unemployment worse.

The others say that to spend money on relieving unemployment is all wrong.

But the odds seem to be six to four on for wise spending.

Out of harm's way

However much M.P.s may resent the proposed economies on education, they won't be able to tackle the President of the Board of Education on the matter.

For he sits in the House of Lords, and is represented in the Commons only by a Parliamentary Secretary.

Lord Irwin enjoys the respect of everyone. But there are serious objections to a Minister responsible for so important a Department being a member of the House of Lords.

Carrying the baby

We agree with those M.P.s who say that before Mr. Chamberlain pays a war debt instalment of more than £30,000,000 to the U.S.A. in December, he should get the sanction of Parliament.

As they point out, it is most unlikely we shall collect anything this year from our debtors. Most of them will wait and see what happens at the World Economic Conference.

Meantime, the British taxpayer doesn't want a fresh burden of £30,000,000 or so.

The player gets the work, the official the money

Too-dear food

Somebody's profiteering. We know we've said this before, but now Mr. Runciman has been told about it.

He has been told that farmers get only 4d. to 7d. a pound for beef which butchers sell to the housewife at 10d. to 1s. 6d. And that mutton, which fetches 2d. to 4d. for the farmers, is sold at 8d. to 1s. in the shops.

The butchers may not be to blame. But someone is.

And we hope that not only will the Food Council be asked to investigate, but that the Foodstuffs (Prevention of Exploitation) Act is fetched down from the shelf where it has reposed far too long.

Enterprise

Mr. Runciman made a speech the other day. He said that when trade recovers, shipbuilding will be in the very forefront. And he said that if we were enterprising, we should emerge from the depression stronger than ever.

A little later, he announced in Parliament that the Government could not help in restarting work on the giant new Cunarder.

This doesn't seem to us to be very enterprising.

Lagging behind

It is scandalous that British ships are still being launched without sufficient accommodation for their crews. In this matter the Board of Trade regulations are ridiculously inadequate and far behind those of foreign countries.

Ill-ventilated and poky forecastles are largely responsible for the tuberculosis and kindred diseases that ravage the Merchant Service.

Yet this shameful state of affairs could easily be stopped if the optional regulations laid down were made compulsory. Then greedy shipowners would have to give their seamen a decent home afloat.

A broken pledge

Ex-Service temporary clerks in the Scottish Department of Health are to be discharged this week-end.

And though a solemn pledge was recently given that such men would not be dismissed to make room for new entrants, an examination for new entrants is to be held in Edinburgh on December 6.

We demand an explanation from the Civil Service Commissioners.

Passing it on

All men may be deceivers, but one of the worst seems to be Edward Adkins, of North Road, Hull.

Stopped by the police for driving a lorry at excess speed and without a mirror or road licence, he gave the name of an innocent fellow-worker.

This man received three summonses, and he was involved in a great deal of trouble before the imposture was discovered.

To complete the discreditable business, the Huddersfield magistrates fined Adkins only £3.

Forty thousand winks

The Bank of England has been caught napping again.

It has £150,000,000 of public money for the sole purpose of keeping the £ steady, yet it has allowed the £ to fall again.

In the intervals between its snooozes, the Bank prefers to hoard up gold in the hope of putting the country back on the gold standard—which certainly wouldn't help us.

Is it not time that public money was used in the public interest?

Fined for good deed

Finders of lost property who make no effort to trace the owner are apt to have trouble with the police.

But when Robert Mellor, of Salford, found a stray dog he inserted three advertisements in the local Press. The owner turned up, yet Mellor has been fined five shillings for not reporting his find to the police.

To say the least, this seems a poor way of rewarding a kindly act.

The cost of duty

Experts in court cases receive high fees. But the expenses allowed to ordinary witnesses are too low to afford compensation for loss of time.

Even to obtain them, a witness must stand in a queue and await the taxing clerk's pleasure.

This is another legal scandal that should be considered by the Lord Chancellor.

The shamateur boxer

We don't mind whether J. E. Treadaway, the amateur bantam champion, boxes again or not, though if we had to express a wish it would be that he didn't.

He refused to box at the London Stadium Club the other night because the prize at stake was not valued at more than two guineas.

Young Master Treadaway seems to us to have the choice of three courses. If he wants to fight as an amateur let him obey the amateur rules. If he doesn't want to obey them let him become a professional. And if he doesn't want to do either let him get out.

Bad case badly treated

Thomas W. Rhodes, of Warley Road, Blackpool, beat "like a carpet" a little dog that ran into his garden.

He used a thick stick to do it, and the animal had to be destroyed because of the agony it was suffering.

The Blackpool Bench said it was a bad case and waxed very indignant, but they let this callous wretch off with a fine when the obvious punishment was prison.

Obstructive councils

The majority of the 10,000 motoring summonses issued in Manchester during the past year were for obstruction, yet the municipal authorities are to blame for not providing parking accommodation.

Though conditions in Manchester are reported to be worse than in any other town, this scandal is widespread.

If only a few town councils could be prosecuted for obstruction, the motorist might get a square deal.

Needless tragedy

An East London woman had £400 and was engaged to be married

A happy combination of circumstances, most people will say. Yet this poor woman thought her fortune insufficient and poisoned herself.

Which proves that what is wealth to some folk is just poverty to others.

But it doesn't disprove the fact that tens of thousands of people have married on less than a tenth of £400 and lived happily ever after. This should be remembered by young folk about to marry.

Death is cheap

A plank on which two workmen were standing eighty feet above the ground snapped in two places. One saved himself; the other was hurled to death.

Their employers have been fined £15 and costs at Thornaby, Yorkshire, because the plank was not only cross-grained but knotty—defects which any joiner could have detected.

Surely such gross negligence should have been punished more severely?

Still going strong

A reader who advertised for a job was asked to join the C.P. Universal Union, of 24, Cecil Street, Glasgow.

The circular he received talks mysteriously of degrees, signs, sounds, words and mark, and promises benefits to those who secure new members.

We need only say that we adversely commented on this strange "Union" so long ago as 1922.

Wasted radium

We have often commented on cases of hospital carelessness that have led to losses of that most valuable of all commodities—life-saving radium.

Now the Radium Commission raises the matter as one of national importance and urgency.

For the sake of the patients who may suffer from such losses, we hope there will be no more of them.

Price's price

"You wish to earn money in your spare time? Here is your opportunity."

This usual introduction to fee-snatching is put out this time by Mr. Price, of 1, Heriot Road, London, N.W.4. A nimble shilling as a "deposit" for details of his homework scheme is all that is requested, but a further 15s. 6d. must be paid when the spare-time worker "judges he has made £5 profit."

Price depends on the shilling deposit—he knows the uncertainty of the fifteen-and-sixes.

STOP THIS *Bandit Panic!*

A fellow-motorist in distress or—a bandit? While you make up your mind remember to keep your engine running, keep your foot on the clutch . . . you have always the way out

by

COLONEL P. T. ETHERTON,

the author, and an authority on motoring

A SOLICITOR in a police court case the other day asked the question: "Is it surprising in these days to find a man with a loaded revolver in his car?" Presumably he expected the answer "No." Unhesitatingly I myself answer "Yes."

For here is the beginning of public panic over the motor bandit and highwayman. Here is the probable introduction of a new danger at a critical period in the history of English law and order.

In every quarter there are signs of fear and trepidation. The bandit menace, admittedly a serious one, may well bring in its train a yet more serious problem.

Already complaints have been made by the police regarding the habit of motorists arming themselves with rubber truncheons with which to defend themselves from the bandits of the highways.

The pleasant Good Samaritanism of the motorist towards a fellow-motorist in distress has already disappeared. The night driver is suspicious of every other vehicle and every pedestrian on the road. It may well be that the greater danger may lie in people unaccustomed to arms being panicked into using them indiscriminately by their fears.

Yet let us examine the facts. Though to my knowledge I have never refused to offer aid to motorists on the road during thousands of miles covered during the night, I have never suffered from anything more dangerous than the lift-cadging beggar.

Nor have I encountered a suspicious character or case. It is a fact that more motorists use the English roads at night than in any other country in the world.

The best weapon

THE recent cases of hold-ups by armed or aggressive individuals have been frequent, it is true. But there is actually no great cause for alarm.

What is more important to urge upon the motorist, however, is the fact that if he contracts the habit of carrying firearms or bludgeons about with him, he will almost certainly land himself in trouble sooner or later.

Panic is man's worst friend in any emergency. Still more dangerous is the position if he be armed.

The police are rightly concerned for the safety of their plain-clothes patrols on the roads if every motorist is going to use a bludgeon on suspicion.

A cool head is the best weapon. And with the observance of certain obvious rules there should be little danger in the very unlikely event of the motorist being held up by the occasional criminals who frequent the highways.

It is obvious that the highwayman will make certain in the first place that he is superior, either in numbers or in physique, to the average carload that he will encounter in his night's programme.

It is, therefore, useless to rely upon resistance. That is not the task of the private motorist. That is a job for the police.

Escape, therefore, must always be the thing kept in mind. And escape should be easy if certain simple precautions are taken.

The first rule, obviously, is to keep your engine running.

The second is not to get out of the driving seat before you are perfectly satisfied that no danger exists.

These two precautions alone would have saved the victims from at least four recent robberies.

The whip hand

IT is as well to remember that no plain-clothes policeman will refuse to give full evidence of his *bona fides*. There is no shame in asking for them if suspicions are aroused.

It used to be a standing joke, after all, that the policeman was unable to disguise himself. The public boasted that a policeman was a policeman in whatever clothes he wore. Why, then, this panic over the possibility of a bandit passing himself off as a policeman in plain clothes?

Nevertheless, keep your engine running. Satisfy yourself of your man from the driving seat.

Keep your engine in gear. Keep your foot lightly on the clutch. You have the advantage always while you observe these rules. You have always the way out.

Even in cases where motorists have been persuaded to leave their cars to help others in trouble, and have suffered for it, there were always means of finding out the truth without throwing away the chance of escape.

In a recent case a motorist left his car to help a woman who was pushing hers. He was thereupon set upon by two men, who demanded his wallet. A little forethought and a cool head would have saved him.

For one thing, no woman in these days pushes a motor-car along a lonely road. She walks to the nearest garage, secures a mechanic, and either has the fault fixed or the car pushed for her.

If she is uncertain of the nearness of the next village, she certainly does not push her car vaguely in the direction in which she was travelling. She finds out first.

This, in itself, was a suspicious circumstance which should have struck the Good Samaritan driver. It was easy for him to find out why the woman took this extraordinary course—without his leaving the driving seat. If he had asked to see the woman's driving licence, or suggested to her that she accompany him in his car to the next village, he would have soon found out the ruse.

It should be remembered that every bandit holding up a car has a wary eye on the road behind and before him. The time factor is his greatest consideration. He is in far more of a hurry than you are.

Careful does it!

SO take your time. If he gets impatient, even the average motorist should be able to slip his clutch and accelerate out of harm's way before any attack is made.

If a man is seen waving a petrol can before you on a lonely road at night, consider the facts. It is, you will then realise, an unusual occurrence. He is a bad motorist, at any rate, to run out of petrol. It is strange, also, that he carries an empty petrol tin.

Verify the facts. Ask him for his driving licence. Keep your left foot ready on the clutch, your right on the accelerator. Watch him, and keep a cool head. Don't leave your driving seat on any account until you are satisfied of the genuineness of his case.

It is well known that the police are not armed because arms beget arms. Few criminals carry arms, even to-day. They are too frightened. They do not wish to be found in possession. But, even with arms, they are helpless against the cool-headed motorist.

It was different in the old days of the stage coach. Then, passengers and drivers had every reason to fear the hold-up man. England was lawless, and the roads were the favourite hunting-grounds of the bandit. The driver was helpless, with no chance of another passenger passing that way for hours.

The time factor was ignored.

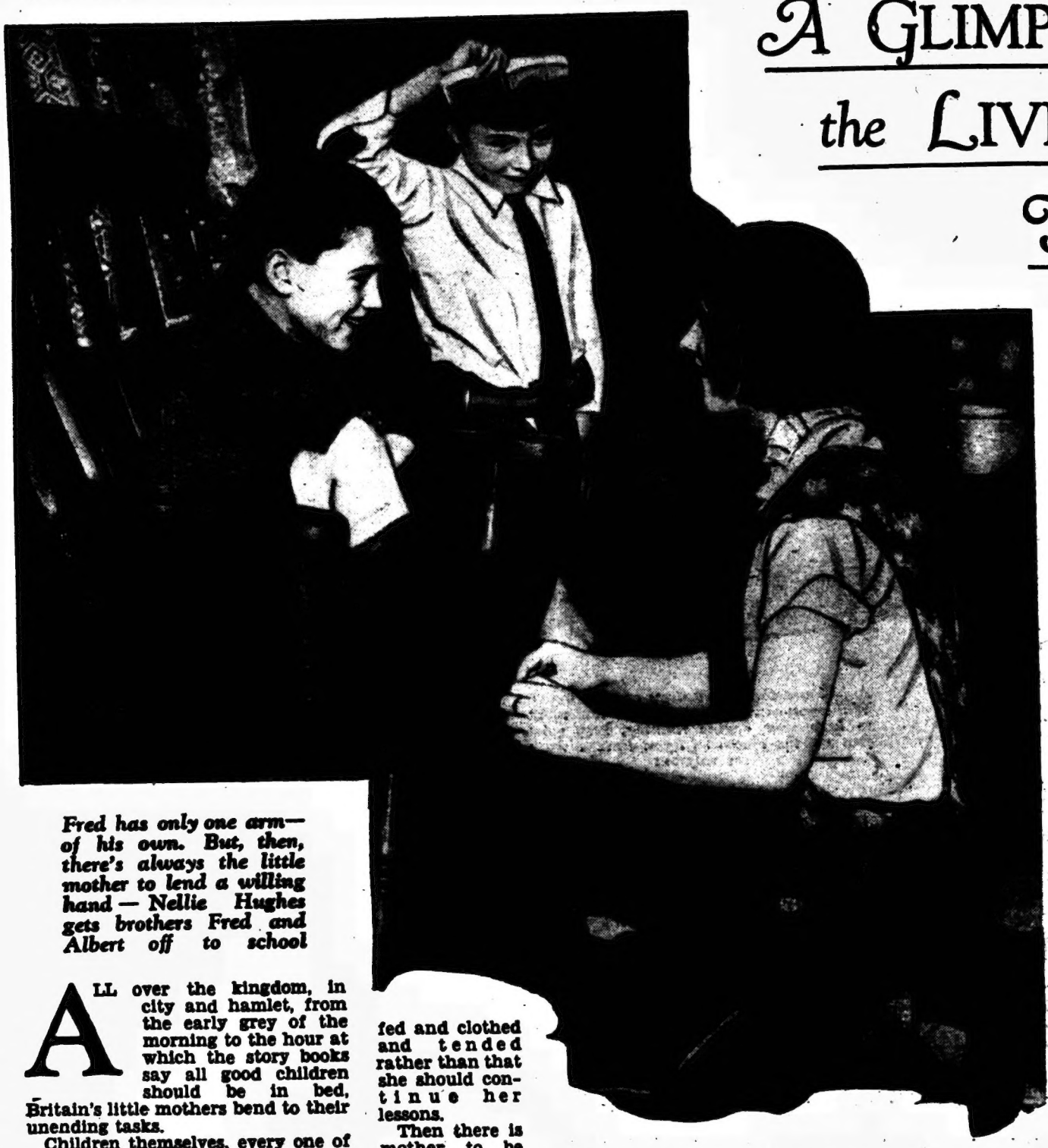
The bandit's friend

TO-DAY, the motorist always has the advantage. He has a rapid and safe means of escape. No heroics are called for. He does the wisest and the most public-spirited thing to escape and lay information.

But the motorist will not lay low the highwayman without the possession of a cool head. He cannot depend only on the possession of a loaded revolver in his tool-box (for presumably not even the most timid night motorists drive all night with weapons on their knees).

Panic, which seems to be affecting more and more the average motorist, seems to be increasing. It must be stopped at once, for it is the bandit's best friend.

A GLIMPSE into the LIVES and HOMES of—



Fred has only one arm—of his own. But, then, there's always the little mother to lend a willing hand — Nellie Hughes gets brothers Fred and Albert off to school

ALL over the kingdom, in city and hamlet, from the early grey of the morning to the hour at which the story books say all good children should be in bed, Britain's little mothers bend to their unending tasks.

Children themselves, every one of them, fifteen and twelve, ten and even less.

In every district, almost in every street, you may find them, hidden heroines who do their work so quietly and unobtrusively that you scarcely ever hear of them.

Courage to them is a commonplace, a rule of life like washing the dishes or hurrying the younger mites to school. Sacrifice they practise until they cease to notice it.

Some are deputies for a mother who is a bedridden invalid. An added burden? An added joy, they call it. Others merely know that "mother has gone away," and don't care to wonder why.

Others—well, the vast majority know that mother is dead, and they are keeping their promise to her to be "a good little girl."

Before the King

Little Florrie Stitson's case came a few days ago before the King himself.

Her father, desperate because the education authorities have prosecuted him for keeping her away from school, has appealed to His Majesty in the matter, and the letter has been put before the Board of Education, which has taken action.

Florrie, a mere thirteen-year-old herself, has seven little brothers and sisters to look after, five of them of school age, and it seems more important to her that they should be fed and clothed and tended rather than that she should continue her lessons.

Then there is mother to be looked after. She has been seriously ill for thirty-two weeks, and Mr. Stitson cannot afford a housekeeper in her stead. . . .

But whatever it is that has made Little Mothers of girls like Florrie Stitson, they are all well worth meeting. So come with a JOHN BULL representative and shake hands with some of them.

Eyes to the blind

Pleased to meet this London Little Mother, Jane Kerkofsky? You ought to be. She is only twelve, and along East End streets you will see her leading, with hands of infinite tenderness, her blind mother.

You can see the neighbours know their story because they greet them affectionately as they pass.

They know that when Jane was born her mother's eyes began to fail, that the doctors have now given up hope of ever giving them sight again. And they know that Jane is now the light of her mother's life.

At the hospital to which they go they are no longer puzzled at the blind woman's smile, for they have learned to realise at last what her daughter means to her.

"Jane is her eyes," they say.

"And it is true, Jane is my eyes," Mrs. Kerkofsky will tell you in her little home in Palminster Street, Cambridge Heath.

You will hear from her all about Jane's busy, crowded day, of how early she rises and how, after dressing, she tends to her mother's toilet and helps her to dress.

Jane, tall for her years, taller than her fourteen-year-old sister, who goes out to work although she is frail, looks reproachful at all tributes as her mother goes on with the story.

There is nearly always something to get in from the shops first thing in the morning for the family dinner—for father, sister and brother come home for the midday meal. And there is their breakfast. Often there is very little time for Jane's own morning meal before the school bell begins to ring.

And what is left of dinner time must be filled up with odd jobs, so that when she leaves school for the day she can take mother for a walk before she scrubs the floor, tidies the rooms, cleans the dresser, washes up, mends, and does still more shopping.

Time to dream . . .

Yet Jane finds time to slip into nearby council houses to help old women who are almost as helpless as her own mother.

And, finally, time to devote a few minutes to her own ambition—dance and a song, because one day she hopes to be an actress and give her mother comforts she doesn't get now.

Well, if ever a girl deserves her dream to come true, that girl is Jane.

* * *

Seven toddlers to get up every morning, seven small mouths to feed at dinner time, seven little bodies to put to bed at night, and seven busy tongues to silence when the light goes out—that has become the life mission of Kate Hussey, of Drury Lane, W.C.

Dad must search all day for work. Even his war sacrifices, the fact that he suffered in a German prison camp for four years, can't get him that. So mother, struggling to carry on, goes out charing.

And Kate carries on uncomplainingly, schoolgirl and mother and nurse in one—and not thirteen until November!

Can't find time for much more? That's what you think. But just listen to her father.

"There's nothing she can't cook," he says. "She learnt it from a lady doctor. And although she can't have everything to cook with, she's marvellous with what she gets."

Winifred's budget

Winifred Craig, of 6, Ernest Place, Russia Lane, is only fourteen, but she knows quite a lot about economy. She knows that because of it her father lost his job with the Bethnal Green Corporation, and that, in turn, meant still stricter economy in the matter of the meagre household budget.

"When I have a job to go to, she runs the home as well as any grown-up," says her father. "I help her when I've nothing else to do, but when I get fixed up permanently I'll leave everything to her with confidence.

"She has just left school and started in the tailoring business at 8s. a week. But that doesn't prevent her from mothering the two younger children when she comes home."

* * *

"Hullo, twins!"

It didn't sound as easy as that at

And Now— DEPTH *in* FILMS!

Third-dimensional pictures, inevitably the next big development in the progress of motion pictures, are in the news again.

The project is being seriously considered by the R.K.O. theatres in Radio City, the mammoth entertainment emporium now being built in New York.

Under this system of having images with not only length and breadth but also depth, the film is projected from the rear of the screen.

* * *

The best way of keeping in close contact with film happenings in every part of the world is to read *The Picturegoer*—Britain's Brightest modern Film Magazine, from which the above news item is taken.

The Big-Hearted LITTLE MOTHERS

first when twins came to the home of Louisa Colyer at Craven Buildings, Poyser Street, Bethnal Green. She had to take sole charge of them, for they had to take her mother away to hospital. And, in addition, there was daddy to attend to, and the home to run, and seven children in all to look after.

Louisa is fourteen now, and the children are growing up. "My children," she calls them.

Her mother is still very delicate, and Louisa does not grumble at having to bear the brunt of the burden.

* * *

Mary Gomm, aged sixteen, of Amberley Road, Westbourne Grove, "just looks after the family." That is her own way of describing a great deal.

For the first eighteen months of her work as little mother her father had a good job, and she had no money troubles.

Just hard work—for there were nine children to tend, eight to get to school before the school bell stopped clanging.

Then her father lost his post through no fault of his own, and now Mary is at her wits' end to make two ends meet.

"Well, I must just carry on," she said bravely. She will.

* * *

And here's another Mary—little twelve-year-old Mary Granville, whose mother lies paralysed and bedridden at 18, Betterton Street, Holborn.

Yet the invalid's bed might have been made up by an expert in one of London's leading hospitals. And father comes home each evening to find a nice meal waiting, the children clean and well looked after.

Yes, it's all done by Mary.

* * *

In Giffen Street, Deptford, Mr. Lewis and his small daughter Matilda live on 17s. 6d. a week—and 8s. goes in rent.

It was last January that Mrs. Lewis died. Since then Matilda has played the part of a little mother—and played it so thoroughly that her health has broken down under the strain.

Now a charitable institution has come to her aid and is sending her away for a holiday to recuperate. "Oh, yes, I'll get well," she will tell you. "I shall be eager to get better and get back to help daddy."

* * *

Olive Hitchcock is another little girl without a mother. She lives with her father and brother at Rectory Buildings, Crosfield Street, S.E. The little flat she looks after is a model in tidiness that any woman would envy. Her father declares that no girl twice Olive's age could look after a house better.

Olive is only eleven.

* * *

Nellie Hughes is a grown-up Little Mother of seventeen, but she has been one since she was ten.

Her father came into their home in Armada Street, Deptford, just as she was pretending that she had "done nothing, really."

"She was left with a seven - year - old sister and a brother who has only one arm, and she has run the place like a real mother," he said. "She cannot sacrifice herself enough for her little crippled brother."

Now she is thinking about going out to work. Her small sister has grown to leaving - school age, and will know how to carry on the home.

"What shall we do without Nellie?" asks the sister. "Yes, what shall we?" echoes the father.

"But I've done nothing, really," repeats the little heroine of it all.

* * *

"I'll do it, mummie," is the motto of Maisie Tuffel, of Old Montague Street, East Aldgate. If it's baby to be washed: "I'll do it, mummie." If it's errands to be run it's "I'll do it, mummie," again.

Maisie is a serious-looking girl of ten and a half to whom Shirley, the fifteen-months-old baby, is the greatest thing in the world, and the difficulty is not so much in getting her to help as stopping her from overdoing it.

"You see, she's only a child herself," says her mother. "But she realises that my eye trouble makes it difficult for me to do many of the household jobs. 'I'll do it' is ever on her lips."

And when Maisie does it she does it with a smile, for "You can't imagine how she cheers us all up," adds Mrs. Tuffel.

* * *

And here's a Little Mother-to-be. Phyllis Brown is only seven now, yet she is already her mother's right hand at 24, Winifred House, Whitechapel.

"You should see how well she can wash up, and do the shopping, and look after the little one," explains her mother. "I don't want her to do too much, but I can't stop her at times—she wants to do so much to help me."

She's heard her mother say it may become necessary for her to go out to work, and when she does, Phyllis wants to run the home. She's said so herself. So there's no doubt about it!

Her case came before the King—Florrie Stitson busily "mothering" her big family of brothers and sisters—and dad, too

Lesson to learn

. . . Little mothers. There is often tragedy more poignant than words can express in their lives. But there's joy, too—more than you'd imagine.

They are not sorry for themselves. They are too proud for that. They have, most of them, no mothers. Yet these are the sort of children that every mother would like to have.

The world is hard for them, but it is all the better for their heroism. They set an example in loyalty, devotion and sacrifice from which we all can learn a lesson.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SOS

WHAT a solemn thrill there is in these three letters when they come vibrating through the darkness of a stormy night at ea and are picked up by wireless re-elvers! The signal means that somewhere in the heart of the roaring tempest human beings are battling for life and alling for aid.

The aid often comes too late, but to the redit of our race be it said that the appeal is never disregarded, and miracles f heroism are wrought in the endeavour o bring rescue to the helpless who send ut the call.

Within the past few weeks we have had dramatic example of this kind of brave, nselfish action, when a flying party hich contained two young children was natched from certain death off the coast f Greenland. Not one ship only, but veral raced many miles out of their ourse to bring the deliverance that was nly just in time.

Another kind of SOS has been issued tely. George Lansbury has been warng the nation that the coming winter ay see our overstrained social order ve way under the strain of prolonged nemployment and lack of means.

He says: "I understand how these vicms of our cruel civilisation are feeling. Were I refused the right to earn my daily bread, forced to live on a mere pittance which is now cut down to starvation level, I, too, might forget my pacifist principles and throw bricks or take any means which seemed to offer a way of escape."

He puts his finger on the worst sore in the body politic when he adds that the foulest feature of this man-made muddle is that "masses of young people will be driven deeper and deeper into the pit of destitution which robs them of manhood and self-respect and everything life holds dear."

This appeal to the national conscience has been called hysterical by some critics, but there is not one who ventures to impugn its seriousness or the sincerity of the man who makes it.

No man living to-day is held in greater respect by all classes than George Lansbury. No one ever thinks of him as having an axe of his own to grind or any selfish purpose to gratify. He is an old man whose whole life has been spent in the service of the poor and weak.

There would be instant and abundant response to his call if people only knew what to do. There is plenty of goodness of heart about, but not much clear vision. What is wanted is determined leadership on a national scale to make an end of the evil of keeping men idle and underfed.

There is actually one society of young fellows in existence which calls itself the SOS, whose sole object is to extend an immediate helping hand to the hungry and homeless; but what can one little group like this do to stem the black flood of social misery that is rising everywhere around us?

The principle is right, however, and it is one that we can all adopt and practise. It is the principle of comradeship, of mutual service and understanding. It will count for more than anything in getting us out of the mess we are in and putting new heart and hope into the broken and embittered.

Begin at once. There is plenty of room for it. You will not have far to look for the first man or woman who needs the courage you can impart to save them from desperation. And in imparting it you will gain it yourself.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
INHALANT

Here is the way to treat a cold!

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly antiseptic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, stuffy buses and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief—instantly available, instantly effective.

Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. And a drop on your pillow fights a cold while you sleep.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
V.140

IN AGONY FOR SIX MONTHS

Awful Burning on Face and Hands. Cuticura Healed.

"I had an awful burning sensation that seemed to be under my skin, and then red pimples broke out on my face and hands. The itching and burning went on and I was desperate. Then the skin on my hands began to break at the knuckles, and I could not wash them because of the pain. I was in agony for six months.

"I read about the wonders of Cuticura Ointment. I purchased some and after using a week I got relief. I purchased another box of the Ointment and before it was half finished I was completely healed." (Signed) James McNee, 482, Rutherglen Rd., South Side, Glasgow, C. 5, Scotland.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: "C." Booklet, F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

The "Good-Night" Beverage for Health

SOUND, regular sleep is essential for the maintenance of radiant health. The hours of work and activity involve wear and tear of the cells and tissues of the brain, nerves and body. The hours of sleep provide Nature with the opportunity to repair and rebuild them.

The certain way to ensure sound, restful sleep every night is to make "Ovaltine" your "good-night" beverage. This delicious tonic food is made from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs. It ensures that deep, dreamless sleep from which you awake gloriously refreshed and with new energy for the coming day.

The proportions of the ingredients used in "Ovaltine" are of vital importance. For example, new-laid eggs are very expensive, but they are liberally used in "Ovaltine" because they supply organic phosphorus—so essential for building up the nerves.

Do not make the mistake of confusing "Ovaltine" with any other preparation. "Ovaltine" is made by a scientific process which cannot be copied. It does not contain large percentages of cheap ingredients—such as sugar and cocoa—to give it bulk and lower the price. Cocoa is added as a flavouring only and is not relied upon for food value.

Considering the superior quality of "Ovaltine," it is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. Do not accept substitutes for "Ovaltine" as being, in any sense, comparable with it. They are definitely not "like 'Ovaltine.'"

'OVALTINE'

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P601

YOUR DREAM is Over

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to CAPTAIN C. P. DAVIS,

the anti-"DORA" Mayor of Deal

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—How glad you must be now that, after a few weeks of fame, you can go back to Deal and rest.

You have had so many shocks—and shocks are not good for mayors.

When, in your capacity as chief magistrate, you said, on your bench on September 1 last, "It behoves the civic heads of every city, town and village in every part of this country, to abolish immediately all such ogres as Mrs. Grundy, and her detestable daughter Dora," you were hailed as a village Hampden.

They wrote of you as though, at last, in the midst of all the misery and suffering caused by war and graft and greed and oppression and cruelty, some Englishman had arisen who could end it all!

"The cure for all the poverty is longer hours for booze," they thought. And so they raised you from insignificance.

* * *

Your friends wondered—those who knew you.

"Surely Percy Davis isn't like this?" they said. "What has happened to him?"

They knew you were not what the papers tried to prove—a cross between Joan of Arc and Cromwell. They called you "Percy."

But the people who want to sell more drink did not ask who you were. Anyone would do for them.

The people who want shop-assistants to work longer hours made no enquiries as to how much you knew.

The silly people who really imagine that world salvation is to be found in sitting up later, and who, like Marie Antoinette, say to the starving, "If they haven't any bread, why don't they eat cake?" all lost their heads—not on the scaffold, as did Marie Antoinette, but in their arguments and in their talk.

How surprised you must have been when all the reporters rushed to see you, and then you found your name in large print, and they photographed you and asked you to make a talkie—yes, and fashionable West End photographers asked you to pose for them.

Yours was a strange life.

When, to do battle for English liberty, the Roundheads marched, they used to gather in prayer and ask God to deliver them. And they would sing a hymn.

You found your campaign greeted with this chorus:

"Down with Dora! Dora's doom is nigh!
Down with Dora! Dora's due to die (tiddley-hi-ti).
Don't you all agree?
Won't you sing with me?
'Eeny meemy, miny mo, and out goes she!'
Hail! hail! the gang's all here,
The gang that is determined to ignore 'er!
Your M.P. see that he learns to sing this little glee,
Doh, ray, me, fah, soh, la, te, doh,
Down with Dora!"

Yes, and they sang this! It must have surprised you.

Well, you had your little boom, Mr. Mayor. Cromwell had nothing on you. Boadicea, for English liberty, was smitten with Roman rods. But they gave you the Albert Hall. You have had your meeting, the "massed meeting" of protest—yes, with a surgeon-peer on the platform.

Your chief surprise must have come the morning after, when you opened your papers and found that, whereas I wrote that your meeting was a terrible failure, and that not more than 1,000 people were present, you were told in the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail* something you did not know before—that your meeting was a great triumph.

* * *

Jimmy Douglas, whom I have never suspected of wanting longer hours for drinking, for he is a Puritan at heart, wrote in the *Daily Express* a wild eulogy of how wonderful it was, and how "we cheered the roof off."

You would have thought, from what Jimmy wrote, that a new era had dawned.

Then you and I read, in the *Daily Mail*, how "the main body of the hall was packed with men and women of every class," which it was not. "There were peers, ministers in religious garb," they said, "men in evening-dress and people of every rank, every type and every age. There were girls dressed in beautiful gowns There were dowagers, white-haired and serene, men young and men old. All joined with a lusty vigour, however, in laughing at Dora, in cheering the resolution against her and in singing her death-knell. 'Down with Dora; Dora's doom is nigh,' was sung heartily by all."

Well, all I can say is that people who will sing nonsense like that really should be ashamed of themselves, never mind if they are in evening-dress, or in beautiful gowns, or they are white-haired and serene.

If the white-haired serenity of Britain's dowagers now behaves like that, something should be done about it.

* * *

Now just about that time, while white-haired serenity was clowning, George Lansbury, in the House of Commons, was pleading for the unemployed, warning the House about the meaning of the riots of the night before, saying "In the name of God, take off the means test."

You said nothing about that, Mr. Mayor, in the Albert Hall.

Mr. Mayor, now that you are awake, now that your dream is over, now that the failure of your massed meeting has given you a shock, do wake up to this fact—no one in the country cares whether you can buy a cowheel after eight or twopennorth of tripe after nine.

They want a better England. D.O.R.A. is a charter of liberty. It means freedom—not tyranny.

Just because a few silly people want to drink cocktails half the night, while they imitate the motions and the noises of negroes, whom, in their prejudice, they despise, that does not mean England. That is the gin racket.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P.,
Cadogan Square, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—On the very day that the Government announced its decision to end the Anglo-Russian trade agreement you strongly urged that trade with Russia should be increased as much as possible.

Your opinion carries all the more weight because you were Minister of Labour in the last Conservative Government, and have just returned from a tour of Russia, where you saw things at first-hand and had some caustic comments to make on the Soviet plans.

Thank you for these home-truths! The sooner your advice is acted upon, and political bias left out of trade matters, the better it will be for our unemployed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. METCALFE, Tower Bridge Magistrate: You ordered firm to pay £8 in fines and costs for compelling river to work 39 hours at a stretch. Good! You have strongly reinforced by recent remarks on this new read scandal.—JOHN BULL.

Major-General J. E. B. SEELY,
Brooke, Isle of Wight

DEAR JACK,—You have been known and loved as a soldier for many years, and some of your exploits in the grim business of taking life read like tales of Jack the Giant-Killer.

Now, at last, you have published the thrilling story of your thirty-eight years of saving life as a member of the Brooke lifeboat crew.

Your fellow members have shown what they think of you by unanimously acclaiming your appointment as acting coxswain.

Congratulations also from

JOHN BULL.

Bishop GOLDING-BIRD,
Cobham, Surrey

DEAR BISHOP,—The attitude to Christianity of the majority of people, you say, is that of the boy who said that "he was bothered if he knew why exactly he was a Christian."

I think that second thoughts on your part will bring the realisation that the boy's reply was a sad commentary on the part played by his religious mentors.

The Church should know how to teach.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN,
Glasgow

SCOUNDREL,—Your incredible meanness merited a stiffer sentence than six months' imprisonment.

Though your wife was living, you "married" another woman in 1910, and by her had eleven children. She left you this year, and sued you for alimony for herself and the children.

To avoid paying, you gave yourself up for bigamy. What a cowardly get-out!

JOHN BULL.

Alderman C. W. MELHUISH,
Lord Mayor of Cardiff

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—I proved months ago that it could be done. You have just furnished further proof.

Your council has decided to provide homes for workers at inclusive rentals of 9s. to 11s. a week, with a possibility of these rents being lowered.

Let us hope your initiative will give other councils courage to follow suit.

JOHN BULL.

LESLIE PEARCE,
Kingston-on-Thames

CUR,—To bite the hand that feeds it is the trick of a dirty dog.

When a woman took pity on you because you were down-and-out and gave you employment as a footman, you stole from her and three of your fellow servants.

They will be glad to be relieved of your society while you are serving your richly-deserved sentence of twelve months' hard labour. JOHN BULL.

Commissioner DAVID LAMB,
Salvation Army

DEAR COMMISSIONER,—Congratulations on your spiritual jubilee—fifty years' unbroken association with the Salvation Army.

When its founder selected you for his social work he "picked a winner"—if you will forgive the language.

You have always stood for the humanities, and while I am glad to see that the Premier is presiding over the luncheon at the Goldsmiths' Hall in your honour, I am equally pleased that most of your celebrations are to take place among the homeless poor, discharged prisoners, orphans, and other unfortunates. JOHN BULL.

Miss H. G. SMYTH,
Talfourd Road, London, S.E.

DEAR MISS SMYTH,—A few weeks ago you dived fully clothed into the Camberwell Baths and saved the lives of two bathers.

The incident might have remained unknown, for with charming maidenly modesty you asked that it should not be officially reported.

The Baths Committee, however, has recommended that congratulations on your courage be conveyed to you with the council's seal affixed. Please accept mine, too. JOHN BULL.

THE CHAIRMAN,
Newington Petty Sessions, London

DEAR SIR,—The justices over whom you preside did well to agree that long-overdue income-tax may be paid by instalments.

To make it difficult for an honest man to pay his debts as and when he can is the depth of folly.

I hope other courts will rise to the same height of wisdom as yours.

JOHN BULL.

50/- worth of H.T. for 1/-

No more batteries

All models are similar in external appearance.

An EKCO Unit will give you ample, silent, unvarying current at high voltage for one year at a cost of one shilling! In a year you would buy at least four H.T. batteries—costing at least 50/-.*

There is an EKCO Unit for every type and size of set. Just connect the appropriate model in place of your usual battery—then switch on—that's all!

Prices from 39/6 or by Easy Payments.

*Based on 1,000 hours' use of an average 3-valve set

EKCO ELECTRIC RADIO POWER UNITS

Post Coupon for details.

To E. K. COLE Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4),
Ekco Works, Southend-on-Sea.
Please send me illustrated FREE literature of Ekco All-Electric Radio.

Name.....

Address.....

New Disclosure ABOUT Child Health

A "NANNY," WITH 26 YEARS' EXPERIENCE, says: "You're never too old to learn! When I was told that Rowntree's Cocoa actually helps to digest the food eaten with it, I hardly believed it at first. But I know it's true. I give it regularly to my children now, and notice that it's particularly good for their evening meal. They always seem satisfied after it—and that's very important just before bedtime. It must be very digestible, for the children certainly thrive on it!"

BOON TO MOTHERS

Scientists find the "Rowntree" kind of cocoa so digestible that it aids the digestion of all food eaten with it

Every woman with a family to look after will welcome the surprising discovery which has recently been made about the digestion of food.

Scientific tests made in a famous London hospital have proved that Rowntree's Cocoa has immense value as an aid to digestion. Not only is it easily digested itself, but it actually helps the digestion of other food eaten with it.

The important point to remember—and your own doctor will confirm this—is that the more thoroughly you digest the food you eat, the more good you get from it. That's why the new discovery has such an important meaning for mothers of growing children. Cocoa has always been a favourite drink with youngsters—but here's a kind which helps to make everything they eat *better for them!*

See that they have Rowntree's Cocoa regularly! For their evening meal, especially, it's ideal. They digest it—and their other food—easily, and go to bed well satisfied and peaceful. You, yourself, will benefit from this cocoa, too—and you'll love its delicious flavour. In ¼-lb. and ½-lb. tins, at 6d. and 11d., with free gift coupons.

FOR DOCTORS ONLY—*Mothers should be told this*

Whilst doctors, of course, know the importance of establishing sound habits of digestion in children up to and during the time of adolescence, many mothers, realising the necessity of giving children healthful, nourishing meals, do not always appreciate the varying degrees of *digestibility* in food. This applies not only to food, but to the beverages often given to children. The recent discovery, by one of the leading bio-chemists in Great Britain, that Rowntree's Cocoa is ideal from the point of view of digestion, is a definite step forward in the science of food and health. It has been proved that this cocoa is not only easily digested, but—because of its valuable protein content—actually assists the stomach in the digestion and assimilation of other foods.

As cocoa is a favourite beverage with children, every mother should be told that Rowntree's is such a valuable aid to digestion and to increasing the value of other food.

Members of the medical profession and qualified nurses desiring the scientific evidence on which these statements are based will be sent particulars on request. Write to the makers, Rowntree and Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.3, York, giving qualifications.

ROWNTREE'S

Three Free Gift Coupons in every ¼lb. tin, price 6d.

The digestible Cocoa

C.O. 433-84

Now for the Second Lap

—the ACID TEST for RAMSAY

Mr. MacDonald pleads for the National Party's cause at Seaham. Will he justify the electors' confidence in this his "second lap"?

by A. G. GARDINER

A YEAR ago this country went to the polling booths, swept out the Labour Party from Parliament and returned a National Government with a majority so vast that the Opposition practically ceased to exist.

How does that Government stand to-day in the light of what has happened since? What has it done to justify that stupendous vote of confidence of October 27, 1931? What of its future?

The first obvious reflection is that the Government of to-day is not the Government of a year ago. It has lost much of its claim to be, in any real sense, National. Lord Snowden, who was much the most important representative of Labour, and who, more than any other person, was responsible for the magnitude of the victory, has gone.

Sir John Simon and Mr. Runciman remain, but they remain only as individuals. The representatives of organised Liberalism in the country, Sir Herbert Samuel and the rest, have all left the Government, and for practical purposes Mr. MacDonald is now the head of a Conservative Ministry.

The causes of this transformation are to be found in the policy of the Government. It came into being at a moment of financial panic in Europe and in the world, when loss of confidence in the solvency of this country had brought about a run on the Bank of England which threatened immediate and irrevocable catastrophe.

Chief pillar

Whatever we may think of the Government or of the circumstances in which it came to birth, it can claim that it stopped the world stampede into bankruptcy at a critical moment. Britain is still the chief pillar of the world system, and the revival of confidence in the stability of that pillar has kept the system intact.

The financial position at home and abroad bad as it is, is better than it was a year ago. The panic has passed, or at least it has been allayed.

But the deep causes which led to that panic have not passed. They have not been substantially allayed, and at any moment the crisis of last summer may return, aggravated by another year's failure to deal with them.

It would not be fair to charge the National Government wholly with that failure. No Government, even though it were composed of archangels, could in a year have extricated the world from the pit into which the War and the "Peace" had plunged it.

Our calamities are only a part of the universal calamity that overspreads the earth, and it is not in the power of any single country alone to salvage human society.

Japan, India, Russia, Germany, France—every country in every continent is involved in the vast complex of misery that afflicts mankind and paralyses government, and until a common motive begins to work through all the members of the human family deliverance cannot come.

But it may be fairly asked whether this Government has done what was expected of it to attack the causes that lie at the root of the trouble? These causes are political and economic.

Take the political causes first. A bad peace, following upon the most devastating war in history, has left the world seething with suspicions and enmities.

France, armed to the teeth, glowers at disarmed Germany across the Rhine, and Germany glowers back and declares her determination to rearm. Italy and France compete for naval supremacy in the Mediterranean.

The Central European Powers are a welter of hostilities, shuddering and starving behind their tariff walls and watching in fear the growing menace of the Franco-German-Italian storm that envelops them. Over the Eastern European horizon looms the shadow of Russia, vast, incalculable, inimical to the whole Western civilisation.

With Europe in disruption, discredited by the war in the eyes of the yellow man, and broken up into factions that make it helpless against him, Japan boldly sets out on the conquest of Asia.

She has, in her own proud phrase, "destroyed the hypnotism of colour." She has seen the white man's civilisation shattered and consumed in a fratricidal war and now feels that the time is ripe to carry out her dream of a Japanese hegemony of Asia and the Pacific world.

And out of this political unrest and confusion comes the economic catastrophe. A wave of insane nationalism has swept the earth. The tariff walls mount higher and higher, and every nation is perishing behind its own defences.

The only cure

There was never such a glut of the necessaries of life, but the direst poverty prevails over great areas of the earth.

The bankruptcy of the Australian farmer is reflected in the stagnation that has fallen upon Lancashire and the impoverishment of Germany in the collapse of Brazil. And so over the whole earth.

There is no mystery about this. Cause and effect are as clear as the sun in the heavens. The one cure for the world's ailment is Trade, Trade, Trade. Until trade is released, until its channels are cleared of all the obstructions that stop the free flow of the stream of life there can be no real recovery.

That is what I mean when I say that it is not enough to allay the financial panic. That panic, which is only the symptom of the trouble, must return if the causes are not removed.

And while I repeat that we cannot blame the National Government alone for failing to deal with those causes, its responsibility for that failure is great. It is all the greater because the world looked to it for a lead. There is no other country to which the initiative so clearly belongs as this, and the circumstances of last year's election were a mandate to bold action.

But neither in the political field nor in the economic field has that mandate been honoured. The issue that has hung in the balance through the whole year is the issue of Disarmament—that is, organise for peace or for war. Upon such an issue we should have spoken with a force and authority that would have been irresistible.

Tragic failure

Instead, our failure has been tragic. We have contributed nothing but lawyer-like haggling and bargainings, with the result that the great conference for which we have waited for twelve years has reached a deadlock.

No less fatal has been our timid handling of the great challenge to the League of Nations in the Far East.

And on the economic side our only achievement has been to intensify by the agreements at Ottawa that very obstruction to international trade which is the cause of the world depression.

We have plunged into Protection in face of the fact that the world is perishing from Protection—perishing so fast that in the first nine months of this year our trade in gold values has fallen by 370 millions, or 50 per cent., compared with the first nine months of last year.

The Government now enters on its second lap.

If it is to survive, Mr. MacDonald must reverse the policy of the first lap. He must take his stand by Hoover in calling upon the world to disarm, and he must use the World Economic Conference to free international trade from the fetters that are destroying it.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir H. Kingsley Wood, Postmaster-General, tells how

Officialdom Goes Gay

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year—
This fact can scarcely be disputed—
And when it comes it brings good cheer.
Or so 'tis commonly reputed.
Well, I intend, in my small way,
To help to make next Christmas gay.

But do not, friends, I beg of you,
Illusions false proceed to cherish,
Nor let my words of cheer imbue
You with vain hopes, condemned to perish:
Do not expect that with the roast
Turkey will come a Penny Post!

Such things a humble P.M.G.
Cannot achieve, however willing;
But if you'll only buy from me
A telegram, which costs a shilling,
You'll give three cheers, with ample cause,
For Kingsley Wood and Santa Claus!

You must excuse me if my habitual modesty has momentarily deserted me; but the scheme which the Post Office has now under consideration strikes me as so perfectly splendid that I cannot help feeling rather like Columbus when he discovered America, or Einstein when he found out that two and two do not make four.

Hitherto, as you know, there has been nothing to distinguish the telegram of Christmas greeting from one announcing that the so-called horse which you backed for the 2.30 was unaccountably detained when entering the straight. But I intend to alter this.

In the season of Good Cheer even telegrams should be cheerful, and I am considering a scheme for providing Christmas telegrams which will radiate the Yuletide spirit.

What think you of the idea of a telegraph form festooned with a representation of holly, with a plum pudding displayed under the words "Time of receipt," a robin redbreast perching beneath "Office stamp," and a bunch of mistletoe hanging above the "Office of origin"?

I have something of this kind in mind, combined, of course, with appropriately festive envelopes, though I cannot definitely promise that these will be of a kind suitable for subsequent use as paper caps at the Yuletide board.

What with trying to pacify irate telephone subscribers and seeking to protect the earnings of my department from the clutching hand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the life of a Postmaster-General is not an enviable one, but I still contrive to remain a little ray of sunshine.

I want to *be* happy, but I can't *be* happy till I make *you* happy, too! But, although there is no limit to my good intentions, there are strict limits to my powers, and I should not be surprised if I and my new colleague, Santa Claus, were seized, trussed with red tape and imprisoned in the Dead Letter Office for endangering the peace and somnolence of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

My brain at the moment just sizzles and teems
With notions intended to make Christmas jolly;
I'm bursting with really remarkable schemes;
I'd festoon each telephone call-box with holly;
If only they'd give me the money to "bang"
I'd very soon brighten both my way and your way.
For bunches of mistletoe then would I hang
Above ev'ry post-office counter and doorway!

But do not request me to go farther still
In seeking all symptoms of gloom to diminish;
For there is no way, e'en though I had the will,
To hold back till Yuletide rejoicing is finished
Those missives which cause e'en the stoutest to quail:
When the turkey is roasting and jollity waxes
You'll get, as of yore, with your Christmastide mail,
The same old demand for the payment of taxes!

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Batteries
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Manufactured by a patent process, Pertrix Dry Batteries provide a high degree of recuperation unknown in other makes. This, together with the high quality of the materials used, and the absence of any internal corrosive action, prolongs the life of Pertrix Batteries to an amazing extent. It means lower Radio costs to fit Pertrix—and they cost no more to buy than ordinary batteries.

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(3) J.B. 29-10-32. AGE.....

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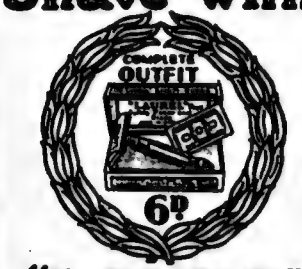

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Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

CERTAIN of my readers, in writing for advice regarding a financial scheme that is now the subject of a circularisation campaign, have prompted me to unravel the complicated affairs of a series of radio companies.

As a result of my discoveries I feel that it is in the interest of investors generally that the whole facts should be made public.

One source from which these circulars have emanated is a company called the Electrical and Radio Products (1931), Ltd., switchgear and radio manufacturers, of Empire Works, Salford, Redhill, Surrey.

It is this company's proud boast that its factory, standing in eight acres of grounds, is one of the best of its kind in the country.

It certainly ought to be, for colossal sums have been obtained from the investing public in connection with its various activities.

While the circulars regale shareholders with comments on the progress the company is said to be making, any skilled eye can see that the directors, chief among them being a Mr. Joseph Leonard Gottlieb, are really paving the way for a further request for money.

I shall have more to say about this aspect later, but in order to simplify a complicated story as much as possible it will be necessary to go back a little and trace events as they have occurred.

Tremendous!

In 1927 Mr. Joseph Gottlieb, in company with a relative, Barnett Gottlieb, was the leading light of two wireless ventures.

One was called J. L. Gottlieb and Co., Ltd., wireless manufacturers, of Cromer Street, King's Cross, London, W.C.; the other was known as Aeonic Wireless, Ltd.

According to figures now before me these companies achieved a profit of £23,046 on a paid-up capital of only £15,500—and all within the brief space of ten months.

Of course, this looked most promising, and such large orders were coming in, apparently, that Mr. J. L. Gottlieb and his associates decided to dispose of these small companies and launch another, commensurate in size and dignity with the great schemes ahead.

Then the campaign started in earnest. Attractive advertisements were displayed in the Press, "Radio, the World-wide Wonder," was one heading. "The Infancy of a Tremendous Industry" was another.

And under the further heading of "Achievement" was the story of Aeonic Wireless, Ltd., to date.

It really looked inspiring on paper—then.

In the first eight and a half months, the public was told, £5,000 working capital had produced £3,579. It was then increased to £15,500, with the return in ten more months of £23,046.

"Orders now on hand will show a net profit of £65,000" was the proud boast, while it was said that in one period of three months orders to the extent of £200,000 had been turned away through lack of space and capital.

"Watch Aeonic Grow!" was one stirring slogan. Many people, I am sorry to say, have done so—to their sorrow.

It was then claimed that Aeonic had "caught the ear of the world." I am afraid that it has burned many of the pockets of the world's workers, too!

Now the advertisements with which I have just dealt appeared on November 22, 1928.

Mr. J. L. Gottlieb, ever optimistic in a gloomy situation

This date is important because on the 26th—four days later—the glowing prospectus of Aeonic Radio, Ltd., was issued.

The nominal capital was now to be £225,000, and in addition to Mr. Joseph Leonard Gottlieb and another relative, Harold Alfred Gottlieb, Alderman Sir William Kay, Kt., J.P., and Sir Robert J. Lynn, Kt., M.P., graced the board. The latter two subsequently resigned.

The prospectus was most impressive; and, in the subsequent publicity campaign, some shareholders even bought shares at double the par value in order to "get in."

The prospectus contained a signed statement by Mr. J. L. Gottlieb anticipating a profit of £65,000 at the end of the first six months and £110,000 by the end of the year.

Large orders were assured, a new factory at Horley was splendidly equipped and the company was fortunate enough to have secured the services of Mr. J. L. Gottlieb—"under whose management past successes have been achieved"—for at least five years.

Incidentally, I note that his remuneration was to be fixed from time to time by the directors, and was to be by way of salary, commission or participation in profits or, indeed, "by any or all of these modes."

And the purchase consideration of the two companies which were thus acquired — after a few months' trading, remember, and with a paid-up capital of only £15,500—was £80,000 in cash and shares. In addition £25,000 was to be paid for the stock-in-trade of J. L. Gottlieb and Co., Ltd.

Well, I'll pass no comment on that.

I'll move on now to the state of affairs at the close of the first year's trading, when the shareholders hoped to reap profits which it had been definitely stated should be in the neighbourhood of 35 per cent.

Dashed hopes

In the meantime a further £200,000 had been sought bringing the authorised capital up to £450,000. On figures like this it was naturally expected that the balance sheet would be illuminating.

It was—though perhaps not quite in the way investors had hoped.

The £110,000 so confidently estimated had not materialised; nor had the £65,000 that was to have been made in the first six months.

Nevertheless, the directors were in no wise abashed. They calmly reported that while profits of £46,478 had been achieved, the heavy expenditure with which they had been faced had had the effect of reducing this figure to £2,369.

Preliminary expenses, fixed in the prospectus, I note, at £15,000, were actually nearer £30,000.

A sum of £62,795 had been invested in a German firm called Kramolin, Ltd., while a further £11,912 had been handed over to it "on loan," making a total of £74,707.

How Mr. Gottlieb, hailed in the company's literature as such a business genius, ever came to agree to this is hard to imagine.

He has since had to admit that when these huge sums had been staked the Kramolin company had a large number of liabilities not disclosed in its books!

This investment and loan has resulted in a heavy loss for the Aeonic shareholders.

Patents, too, were shown to have cost £55,432; land, £44,743, while stock was shown as representing £87,403.

Auditors' report

Certain figures were not accepted without question by the auditors, who gave one of the most extraordinary certificates I have ever seen.

In the first place they were unable to express any opinion as to the values stated in the balance-sheet of goodwill, patents, or as to the amount (£30,000) allocated by the directors to the "Development A/C."

They were further unable to express an opinion as to the value of the investments and advances—particularly as the Kramolin concern was in liquidation.

Nor could they say whether £10,000 set aside as a reserve against book debts was adequate.

They pointed out that no change had been made in the account for depreciation and that buildings costing £1,260 had been sold for £500.

Finally, the auditors made the astonishing revelation that the records of the company were very involved, and that in certain instances they had had to accept "secondary advice" on points they had sought fit to raise.

But, "subject to these remarks," they concluded, they had obtained all the information and explanations they required!

Accompanying the dismal balance-sheet, as if by way of consolation, was a card entitling investors to apply for a free charabanc ride to view the firm's factory!

What had Mr. J. L. Gottlieb to say about the gloomy situation?

Unlike the shareholders, his hopes were not shattered.

"The directors are of the opinion that the business of the company is at the commencement of a period of prosperity," was his optimistic assurance.

Apparently he holds great belief in his views and in his value to the company, for I see that £1,009 is charged in the accounts as a premium on the insurance of his own life.

The next bombshell in this company's affairs came in the middle of 1930, when it was resolved to wind up Aeonic Wireless, Ltd., and reconstruct its business through a new company called Electrical and Radio Products, Ltd., with a capital of £300,000.

Hopeful prospects were held out and again shareholders had to dip into their pockets.

This new venture, in much the same way, went into liquidation about a year later, when yet another "reconstruction" scheme emanated from the Gottlieb camp, and more money was sought through a further company named Electrical and Radio Products (1931), Ltd.

This was, as usual, to recover lost ground. Readers will see how successful it has been, when I say that there is now to be a further "new" reconstruction scheme—at least, that is the Gottlieb idea.

A new company is to be formed called Edison Bell (Great Britain), Ltd., with, in all, a capital of £400,000.

Still optimistic

The object is to merge the existing Edison Bell, Ltd., which is in liquidation, with Electrical and Radio Products (1931), Ltd., and make one more bid for prosperity.

Great optimism still rules the wireless waves where the various Gottlieb interests are concerned.

When the suggested amalgamation is fully completed, investors are now being told, there will be more than sufficient working capital to meet the company's future requirements.

It is further stated that the suggested scheme will result in large economies.

"Your directors feel that you would be well advised to avail yourself of this opportunity, offered to you on these favourable terms," one circular runs, "and thus enable this important amalgamation to be carried into effect."

I observe that Captain James W. Barber, C.B.E., a famous man of affairs in the radio world, is given as one of the directors of the proposed new company.

As prospective investors would undoubtedly be impressed by this, I must make it clear at once that though Captain Barber did at one time consent to serve on the board, subject to the scheme being carried through as originally planned, he has now dissociated himself from it. An announcement to this effect has appeared in the radio trade Press.

A puzzle

Another point which might well puzzle shareholders in this maze of companies is the fact that the Court must first sanction any scheme involving the Edison Bell company, the name of which has long been famous throughout the world.

Finally, from investigation, it is apparent that the proposed new venture would be under the control and domination of the Gottlieb directorate.

If I had my way, the whole sorry tangle would have to be thoroughly investigated before any more public money was risked.

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RUPTURE. Read about the new Blunden Appliance described on page 2. You are offered 7 days' free trial.

FREE.—Every reader should accept the ELLIMAN offer on p. 29 of a free sample bottle of this excellent Embrocation and also a free copy of their wonderful reference book, which should be in every home.

A FREE SUPPLY OF MAN-ZAN is offered to sufferers from Haemorrhoids in the advt. on p. 37.

A FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges for Acidity and Indigestion is offered on p. 38. Send the coupon.

A FREE sample packet of Dr. Bosser's Cigarettes for Catarrh is offered in the advt. on p. 34.

CATARRH SUFFERERS can obtain a free sample of Nostroline by writing to "Nostroline," Dept. J.8, Clifton, Bristol. See p. 38.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), and Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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SEND for the Sun-Maid Recipe Booklet containing nearly 100 recipes.—Write, Dept. J.H.15, Producers' Internatl. Sales Assn., Ltd., 50, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. See page 24.

FREE.—Three trial tubes of Velouty de Dixor will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 23. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage, etc., and mention *John Bull*.

FREE.—A generous sample of Bondman Empire Blend Tobacco is offered on p. 27. Simply send a p.c. with your name and address in capital letters to Richard Lloyd and Sons, 93, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "SNOW" advt. on p. 31. You can use the coupon as an order form.

FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Gifts—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Creme Shampoo; (3) Uson Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. On sending the coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover, free samples and manual of instructions will be sent to readers of *John Bull*. Enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and attach coupon and state which numbers are required.

A FREE SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Powder will be sent to readers filling in coupon in the advt. on p. 37.

Expelled FROM THE GUARDS

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S CAREER BLIGHTED

Mr. Moreton Gwinnett-Sharp. "Is an ideal to be maintained at the price of the condemnation of an innocent man?"

IT is generally acknowledged that the Brigade of Guards well maintains the tradition that it represents the finest body of men among the armies of the world.

The supremacy and reputation of our Guardsmen are produced primarily by rigorous application of a code of discipline and conduct which quickly weeds out the inefficients and the undesirables.

More than once in recent years JOHN BULL has defended the Guards against a widespread slander that vice was rife in the regiments.

We did so after it was proved conclusively to us that the charges were false and because the men of the Brigade cannot themselves answer the gossips who besmirch them.

It was true that three or four young Guardsmen had been guilty of evil association with social lepers, but with their removal from the Army, the Brigade was purged of this class of crime. A seed of fact, however, grew into a lusty tree of rumour.

Disturbed by the prevalence of these reports and jealous for the good name of the Guards regiments, the military authorities have since been vigilant for the slightest cause for suspicion and stern in any subsequent action.

Naturally, they have also been careful when dealing with suspicious cases to avoid using methods which would bring publicity and possibly revive or encourage the damaging slanders.

But must an innocent man suffer dishonour and disgrace on this account?

Extraordinary case

We are sure what the answer will be from all serving and former soldiers and all fair-minded people who read the case of Guardsman Moreton Gwinnett-Sharp.

It is a case which reveals the extraordinary fact that any member of the Brigade of Guards is now liable to be expelled from his regiment and have his career ruined without any charge being made against him and without being allowed to offer any defence or explanation of secret allegations.

Gwinnett-Sharp is twenty-four years of age and belongs to an old family whose representatives bear the name with distinction in various walks of life.

He went to Montreal to learn banking, but was not in love with that profession. When the Canadian banks for economy purposes reduced their staffs, he decided to abandon it and return to this country.

His ambition was to be an Army officer, and, not having graduated in a military school, he believed he might achieve it by qualifying to win a commission from the ranks.

He became a Guardsman a year ago and served with the 3rd Batt. Coldstream Guards.

Some days ago Gwinnett-Sharp attended pay-parade, but was ordered to withdraw. On returning to his quarters, he found that in his absence his regimental kit had been removed.

Mystified by these incidents, he went to the orderly-room to ask for an explanation. One was given to him in emphatic and startling terms.

It was that next morning he would be discharged from the Army on the grounds that his services were no longer required. No reason was given.

There are twenty-seven causes of discharge from the Service. If none of these is used, the King's Regulations provide a twenty-eighth one—that the services of the man concerned are no longer required. It is the most formidable weapon the authorities possess to get rid of a man without openly accusing him and to deprive him of the power to defend himself.

For guidance in his perplexity, Gwinnett-Sharp approached the chaplain, who confirmed by enquiries that what lay behind the soldier's sudden expulsion from the regiment was an incident in which he had figured on the previous Sunday night.

We describe that incident from the Guardsman's account of it.

About 9.30 p.m., he was walking back to Wellington Barracks after visiting friends at Chelsea. On the way he stopped to look into the window of an antique shop at Knightsbridge and was asked for a match by a stranger, also examining the window display.

The stranger seemed to observe the cultured tones in which the soldier spoke, and while he lit his pipe he remarked that it was surprising that an obviously well-educated man should be an ordinary Guardsman.

Gwinnett-Sharp replied with something to the effect that it was not unusual nowadays for public school men to be in the ranks, and the conversation thus started was continued as the couple entered Hyde Park and sauntered alongside the Row.

The stranger mentioned that he was a railway official on holiday in London from Stourbridge in Worcestershire.

When Gwinnett-Sharp stated that he had been at school in that district, the stranger gave the names of a number of old boys of the college whose homes were there and whom the soldier identified as contemporaries.

Then Gwinnett-Sharp heard someone shout "Guardsman!" and observed two men in plain clothes signalling to him.

When he went up to them, they told him they were military policemen and they guided him some distance away from the stranger, who stood watching.

In sheer amazement, the Guardsman heard one of the military policemen state that the man to whom he had been speaking was known to them for infamy of the most abhorrent type.

In the light of the stranger's circumstantial knowledge of places and people well known to him, Gwinnett-Sharp protested to the policemen that they were surely making a mistake.

Further, he stated that no improper suggestion of any kind had been made to him and said he thought it would be advisable if the policemen themselves spoke to the stranger and dealt with him if their suspicions were verified.

Such a course, they replied, was not possible.

Gwinnett-Sharp, whose name had been obtained by the policeman from his pass, then mentioned that he would, of course, report the incident to his company officer next day.

Expelled without trial

But he was advised to do nothing of the kind, and, giving him an assurance that they would not act in the matter, the policeman dismissed him with a warning not to speak to a stranger again.

For the next five days the soldier thought no more of the incident.

Then came the ignominy of summary expulsion from the Guards and the Army. No charge, no defence, no explanation made or allowed.

If a charge had been made, the soldier would, of course, have elected trial by court-martial. His record was spotless and there was not a whit of evidence upon which he could have been convicted. A court-martial, however, is an open trial and the publicity attendant upon a case of the kind might stir up muddy water.

Within a few hours of Gwinnett-Sharp's dismissal, the story behind it was common knowledge in his battalion and it must hang over him for the rest of his life.

The Brigade of Guards has to be kept clean and free from suspicion. But is this ideal to be attained at the price of the condemnation of innocent men?

An early invitation will be given to the Secretary for War to answer this question in Parliament.

THE PENSION PAPER FRAUDS

ONE of the most-wanted rogues now at large is a man who is known, among other aliases, as Harold Vincent St. Clare.

His impudence is boundless, as the story of a recent escapade in a Surrey town will show.

Calling at the local branch of a famous welfare institution, he represented himself as Victor St. Clare Roberts, and said that he was an ex-officer who had been severely wounded during the war.

He gave harrowing details of his sufferings in Alexandria Hospital, where he had undergone a serious operation on the leg, which had occasioned him endless trouble ever since.

Now, he added, he was due to enter a London hospital for special treatment, and, producing pension papers, he asked if the society could authorise some responsible official to draw his pension on his behalf while he was laid up.

Meanwhile, he was in desperate need of a few pounds, and would be grateful if this could be advanced to him now and deducted from his pension when due.

His general appearance compelled sympathy, and his tale was so convincing that his requests were met without question.

But it was later discovered that there was not a shred of truth in his statements, and the address he had given proved, on investigation, to be false.

Finally came the discovery that the pension papers he had left in the society's hands had been stolen from another man at an hotel at which St. Clare Roberts had stayed some time before.

All the hotel authorities could say, however, was that Roberts had bolted without paying his bill!

News of further exploits comes from Colchester, where he engaged rooms in advance at a small hotel on the pretext that he would be coming to the district shortly to supervise certain important work at the local barracks.

He gave the management to understand that he would be staying for some months. Then, complaining that an old war wound was giving him trouble, he asked to be allowed to rest before returning to London.

He sank wearily into an arm-chair in one of the public rooms and was left alone. Later, declaring himself much revived, he ordered a meal, which he consumed at leisure. Then, with a few more remarks about his forthcoming visit, he bade the management good-day.

He had not been gone long before it was discovered that several diamond rings and other articles of value were missing from various guest-rooms which he had secretly visited while "resting."

He is a clever actor when relating his stories of illness or hardship, and the manner in which he loots places at which he stays shows that he is a particularly deft-fingered Raffles.

One Woman
Discovered it
1,000 Women
Tested it
4½ Million
Women Now Use it

Only Poudre Tokalon contains "Mousse of Cream" perfectly blended by a patented process.

Not affected by sun, wind, or perspiration while dancing.

Invisible and adherent. Makes the coarsest, roughest skin look soft, fresh and youthful.

Try Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder today, and see for yourself the amazing new beauty it immediately gives your own complexion.

1/- a box, Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222F) Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

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TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly, Privilege Approval
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Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
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IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.
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Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

A VULTURE of the FILMS

Here are English girls being judged in an international film beauty contest. Cook's essays in this direction ended in disaster—for many of the unfortunate entrants

THERE can be no practice more cruel than the exploitation of young girls who are attracted by the glamour of stage and screen, and who cherish fond hopes of rising to stardom.

Thousands of actresses—many with great ability and experience—cannot get work to-day; yet there are some men who deliberately lead inexperienced aspirants to believe that fame and fortune are easy of attainment.

In this category we unhesitatingly place a Mr. Edward Cook, of Keats Way, Hampstead, N.W., and Knightsbridge, W.

A specialist in advertising films, he is quite well known in the British kinema industry, though he has achieved little to enhance its prestige.

He has gained notoriety as a director of film companies, some of which have involved investors in losses of tens of thousands of pounds.

£350,000 disaster

He was on the board of Audible Filmcraft, Ltd., which, born out of the ashes of four or five other disastrous concerns, did little in the film world beyond losing something like £350,000 within two years.

The companies it was supposed to take over and save have joint losses of over half a million.

But it is not with Mr. Cook's financial operations that we are primarily concerned.

For some time now complaints have been made against him by young women who have had the misfortune to encounter him in their search for engagements.

The last to complain came to our office in obvious distress and appealed to us, for the sake of other girls, to let the public know the kind of man Cook is.

As an action was then pending against him we could not, in deference to the law, make any comment which might be held to prejudice the issue. But now that this case has been disposed of we think it very much in the public interest that the truth should be told.

When this woman first met Cook in her search for film work he offered her a part in a picture he said he was then producing, which was to be called "Piccadilly Nights."

Long before any film test had been made Cook was full of enthusiasm and pretended to regard her as a "discovery." He talked confidently and with great eloquence about her future career. Her success was assured, he declared. If she would entrust herself to him and appear exclusively under his direction, he would make her a star.

Later, when they had become better acquainted, he promised her a tempting contract, assuring her that through his influential position in film circles he could get her a wonderful salary.

Really believing herself to be established on the road to success, this woman not unnaturally began to turn with gratitude towards her kindly "discoverer."

But once he had won her confidence, Cook began to reveal himself in a very different light. We do not propose to dwell upon all the overtures he made to her or the promises he made if only she would agree to live with him. It will suffice to say that she finally consented.

One by one the promises were broken. The tempting contract never materialised. Stardom seemed more remote than ever.

In desperation she decided to break away from h i m. Recently, when she went to a studio to make a short publicity film for Civic and Industrial Films, Ltd., of which Cook is managing director, he resumed his ugly overtures. When she repulsed him, he ordered her out of the studio!

To-day this plucky young woman is among the thousands seeking for work.

His disgraceful behaviour in this respect is notorious in film circles and many unsavoury stories could be told about him.

Perhaps the worst example of his callous exploitation of young actresses is afforded by the bitter experience of a Lancashire girl.

Girl's head turned

When Cook first crossed her path she was playing in the chorus of a touring revue called "Lady, Be Good!"

He followed his usual tactics and his first move was to hail her as a "discovery." Her features and figure, he declared, were ideal and she was, moreover, the exact type for which he had been combing the country.

At that time he was making a series of publicity pictures, and he offered this girl an attractive part in a film that was to extol the wares of a Parisian perfumery company.

This, of course, would be only a beginning. As soon as his contracts were worked out in England and Paris, Mr. Cook proposed to go to Hollywood. She should go with him to star in his first big Hollywood production.

He produced letters and documents which seemed to bear out his glamorous stories, and then, as if to show that he was a man of his word, he actually arranged a preliminary burst of publicity on her behalf.

He promised her a contract at £100 a week and billed her as "England's New Hollywood Star," got her portrait into the papers and gave enthusiastic interviews to reporters.

The girl was delighted—not only at the prospect of realising her ambition, but because she longed to provide a home for her widowed mother and to help a younger brother to a better education.

Believing that she was going to participate in the perfumery advertising film, this girl, who was only eighteen, proceeded to Paris and there realised Cook's real character for the first time.

The prospects of stardom, a home for her mother and a better schooling for her young brother, grew dim through a mist of tears.

Still believing that Cook could help her she yielded to his persuasions and stayed with him at an hotel in the Rue de la Paix.

Returning to England with her sad secret, she consoled herself with the thought that once she had got her big chance all would be well.

She told her mother all the latest "news" which Cook had given her about the Hollywood contract.

"I am sailing at the end of the month," she said, and it can be imagined what joyous castles in the air were built by that little family.

To allay this pretty young girl's suspicions to the last Cook actually secured engagements for her at provincial picture houses where, under his personal direction, she was introduced to enthusiastic audiences as Hollywood's new English star.

Marriage pretence

Throughout this tour she passed as Mrs. Cook, and when this disquieting fact reached the mother's ears Cook urged her to pretend that they were married.

Disillusionment came inevitably. The date of the Hollywood sailing was postponed; the promised contract was never signed, and this unhappy victim of Cook's infamy is now earning a precarious livelihood appearing in small cabaret shows.

Finally, in despair, she left Cook when they were staying at a London hotel, rushing into the street at 3 a.m., her pretty features convulsed in grief.

Many people may find it difficult to believe that any Englishman could be so infamous in exploiting young film aspirants.

But Cook, we find, is no Englishman. He is an alien and his real name is Simon Koekoek.

Born in Amsterdam in 1887, he has described himself on occasion as a commercial traveller. His entry into the film world dates from a few years ago, and since then he has been compelled to retire from the board of at least two companies.

He has been a source of constant trouble to our authorities for offences against our laws for the registration of aliens.

On one occasion he was brought up in court for furnishing false particulars about his movements.

The disgraceful exploits we have outlined here surely stamp him as a most undesirable person to be allowed to remain in this country as a privileged guest.

We commend his activities to the notice of the Home Office.

The Travelling Trickster

PARTICULARLY mean frauds are being practised on unemployed men by a travelling trickster who calls himself Captain J. W. Raymond, and who poses as the director of important companies.

In Coventry recently he advertised for a "timekeeper and foreman," and, interviewing applicants at a temporary office, told a most plausible story.

He said he was the director of a flourishing firm of builders and contractors with headquarters in Watford, and pretended that he was about to establish a new branch in Coventry.

A number of men would eventually be wanted, but he was most anxious at the moment to find a suitable timekeeper and foreman.

One man, who was assured that he was just the type required, learnt that it would be necessary to find £10 as a premium for taking out a guarantee bond.

Captain Raymond much regretted this necessity, but explained that the company had been let down rather badly when opening another branch recently, as the foreman had absconded with certain money that should have been paid to the men under him.

The applicant was much impressed, and as he did not think the stipulation unreasonable, paid over his £10 deposit on the spot.

When he later reported for duty, however, he found a number of other unemployed men lined up at the door of Captain Raymond's temporary office. But their employer-to-be was not there!

After an anxious wait, all these men began to compare notes, and discovered to their dismay that each one had been promised the post of timekeeper and foreman, and each had deposited £10 for a fidelity guarantee bond.

Every detail of the captain's convincing story had been proved to be false, but it has been established that this is not his first excursion into the field of fraud.

As Captain R. Desmond he masqueraded in Derby with even greater bombast. He pretended to be a business man of some standing, and boasted about a big contract he had just secured with a famous firm of motor-car manufacturers.

Here again he announced his intention of extending his business, and interviewed a number of young men separately, inducing every one to deposit £10 on the understanding that certain employment was available.

In the end he decamped, leaving all his victims stranded. Among them was a youth whose widowed mother had raised the £10 at great personal sacrifice in order to give her boy what was thought to be a splendid chance in the business world.

Raymond is a trickster of a most despicable type, whose victims can be numbered by the score, and whose fraudulent operations extend as far afield as Edinburgh.

Anyone who may encounter him should immediately inform the police.

Passengers and crew mingle in a liner's ballroom—but now many companies have ordered their officers to "keep out!"

PLAIN WO
ab
LUX
CRU

When the glamour and colour of the sea-holiday to warm foreign shores has receded to memory's horizon, there may remain the pain of a broken trust and disillusionment.

Too often, I fear from what I have seen and learned on my recent voyages, has pain of this kind been caused.

There can be no doubt that sea-cruising as a medium for holidays has captured and will hold the public's imagination.

All the more reason, therefore, for some plain words about one aspect of the first real season of the experiment, which should not pass without a note of warning being sounded.

Holiday cruising is a delightful experience, and its joys will long survive the voyage if it is undertaken rationally without the expectation that it will provide enduring romance.

The price

Unfortunately, women seem in the first year to have expected too much for their cruise money, and many of them, to say the least, made themselves far too cheap.

They do not seem to realise that a ship's officer is subject to the most rigorous punishment if he is found doing anything which could be construed as encouraging women passengers on pleasure cruises to become unduly familiar.

The punishment is not only dismissal from the ship, but virtually from the sea, because the facts of the case are passed on to other companies when the officer seeks employment elsewhere.

Pesterers

It is well known in the service that certain owners now forbid the ships' ballrooms to their officers.

All this is to be much resented if it is interpreted as a suggestion that liner officers are morally lax or even given to seeking amorous conquests in their ships.

I do not believe that the companies intend to insinuate anything of the kind.

It is rather to be supposed that they have become aware of the truth, which is that ship's officers in the new cruising traffic are the special prey of romantically-minded women and are, in fact, often pestered by them.

Any embargo, the crews infer, has been made to put them doubly on their guard so that they can assist still more effectively in killing the idea, which seems to be held by a large number of passengers, that cruising ships have Cupid for a figurehead.

The officers of these luxury liners do not flatter themselves that it is because of their personal qualities that they have on most of their recent voyages received the embarrassing attentions of many women passengers.

The real truth is that they were the only men whose companionship was available to a surplus of women passengers who appeared to go a-voyaging with the fixed idea that the cruises had been arranged to find them husbands.

Informality

Not in any degree can I exaggerate the obvious deliberation with which a considerable proportion of women passengers have embarked on liner cruises to form friendships which they hope will lead to marriage.

They begin usually to betray their purpose after two days at sea, when they have recovered from any squeamishness and found their bearings in the ship.

Soon they discover that there are not enough eligible men on board for all, and as competition becomes keener, the persistence some of them show in the hunt is unworthy of womanly dignity. So, at least, it appears to a detached onlooker.

If one thing more than another is to be observed on the new cruises, it is that the stiffer conventions of ordinary life ashore are abandoned more readily and more quickly than they are on routine voyages. Usually this is all for the best and speedily promotes the genuine holiday spirit, but sometimes it can have other effects.

When one sex is in a large majority on the passenger list, the freedom from strict formalities leads inevitably to incidents which scarcely conform to the rules of discretion and discipline ordinarily observed on sea voyages.

It has not been uncommon for seven out of every ten passengers to be women.

For most of them there could be no male companionship on the blue seas of romance and sunlight — and moonlight — which the cruising liners traverse unless it was provided by the officers.

And the trouble has been that so many of these women have mistaken the chance friendships of an ocean holiday cruise for the romance they foolishly expected to find by transporting themselves for a few weeks to places of wondrous beauty and climatic softness.

From two women who were on early cruises this year I still receive letters at almost every port of call, and every other day missives come from them when we return to England.

It is not unusual, of course, for a ship's officer to receive, after a voyage, a friendly letter from a passenger with whom a pleasant acquaintanceship was made; but these letters are very different.

The woman who visualises herself graciously accep officer while the ship glides gently over the blue shimm

WHEN a great liner returned to Southampton some days ago from a luxury cruise in sunny climes it was reported that seventeen couples who went aboard as complete strangers to each other left the ship engaged to be married.

In eighteen years' sea service I have known of many romances that began on the high seas, and in a number of cases afterwards have I had the pleasure of meeting such couples travelling again in my ships as happy husbands and wives.

But when I think of these particular seventeen engagements having taken place on one holiday cruise, I wonder. . . .

Danger ahead

For ten months I have been serving in ships engaged in the new enterprise of carrying sun-seekers on pleasure cruises. And when I recall some of the incidents of those trips, I cannot help thinking that the conditions which prevail throughout them are more likely to sow the seeds of disappointment rather than romances.

Always the sea will entice the searchers for romance, but the artificial, if jolly, atmosphere and background of sunshine cruises can be a dangerous snare for the unwary or impressionable.

RDS ut URY ISES

by A SHIP'S OFFICER

Good-bye to all that and —hello, Romance! "Far too many passengers embark on these pleasure cruises in the belief that they have been licensed for romantic adventures"

In every line of them it can be read that the writers sailed on their respective cruises in the belief that they would provide the setting for lasting romance, and it is also clear that they have not yet abandoned their hopes.

At first, I replied formally to the letters, then as kindly as possible suggested that the correspondence was somewhat futile, and, finally, I have lately ignored them. But still they come, and they do not seem to be lessening in fervour or purpose.

On the voyages I met these women nothing occurred between us which is not recognised in companionship at sea. I cannot recall any act or words of mine which could possibly have been interpreted as a prelude to an amorous affair.

For them I performed no greater service than any officer would render to any woman passenger. Occasionally I walked and chatted with them on deck. Once or twice at their request I escorted them when they went ashore. That was all.

And, of course, I would not mention this matter just because I happen to have some unusually enthusiastic correspondents. The significance of my experience is that most of my fellow-officers also frequently receive numerous similar letters. Indeed, I believe this kind of thing has become the common experience of officers in most of the liners engaged in holiday cruising.

...the attentions of that handsome ...ng water...is much too imaginative!

Imagine!

What, I often wonder, is the fate of the male passengers who can be so often seen on our cruises joyously exploiting the opportunities for flirtation?

If officers, who must necessarily be aloof from such things, are afterwards plagued by the attentions of women to whom they were merely polite and attentive, one can imagine what happens subsequently to the men passengers bound by no such restrictions.

A luxury liner on a pleasure-hunting voyage can indeed be a seductive setting for flirtation, which is liable to be regarded as something more serious than a flirtation on the front at, say, Blackpool or Margate.

It is wrong to think of cruising liners as "love ships," which they have been dubbed by people who have probably never set foot in one, but have misconstrued the reports of returning passengers regarding the gaiety and fun and revels which these voyages provide.

At the same time the fact cannot, and should not, be concealed that far too many passengers embark in these pleasure liners in the apparent belief that they have been specially licensed for romantic adventures.

This was made clear to my fellow officers and myself when we set out on our first sunshine cruise last January.

On that trip the passengers were mostly unattached middle-aged women, and the shortage of men was quickly emphasised when every one of us officers, even our grizzled veteran, the engineer, found ourselves being overwhelmed by the flattering attentions of women who sought our companionship. Still more so the few male passengers who were with us.

Some women behaved so brazenly that, we learned, the captain had to warn them that their behaviour could not be tolerated.

Quietly removed

They were not exposed, of course, to the public disgrace of being expelled from the ship. The exit was carried out by the medical officer who certified they had left the ship for hospital treatment.

To us officers on that trip it was a strangely unfamiliar sight to see the dining-room almost filled by one sex, and women having to depend on each other for partners in the ballroom.

Any man who appeared on the promenade deck was extremely popular, and officers going to and fro on duty had the greatest difficulty in shaking off women who ostensibly approached them to ask an innocent question as a prelude to engaging them in more intimate conversation.

No wonder the captain lost his temper when he heard one piece of news.

It was that some women on board had been endeavouring to flirt with the apprentices.

In a liner they are the captain's babies. They are striplings, these future officers in the making, and the captain guards and disciplines them as if he were their father.

For the rest of that voyage the boys were under redoubled surveillance.

Youth arrives

I learned that this preponderance of women over men passengers was common in many ships engaged in the first of the pleasure cruises. On later trips, the booking offices managed things better.

In the summer and autumn months we had a different type of woman passenger. She was younger, often a mere girl, and much less sophisticated in sea and foreign travel.

The captain wasn't at all pleased when so many of them arrived unaccompanied, but as the weeks passed he was expressing his admiration of the ability of the modern young woman to take care of herself.

Still, it must be galling to a girl on a holiday cruise to find herself among a surfeit of her sex and destined for the voyage to be a "wallflower," without an escort to provide her with the society which is part of the life of a passenger ship in ordinary travel.

"Lady-killers"

On the later cruises this year the type of male passengers also changed. They also were younger, and it was soon obvious that not a few of them were under the impression that the ship was a ready-made field for lady-killing exploits.

Sometimes it happens that a male passenger of an undesirable type endeavours to inflict his company on certain unattached women.

It is one of the duties of officers to observe unobtrusively and, where deemed necessary, to give a friendly warning.

Women passengers on luxury liners need have no fear that their cruise will be spoilt by such incidents. They have only to complain to the ship's officers.

Ship's diplomat

There is always the possibility, of course, that when a woman is aware that she is being put on her guard against a man she may react by surrendering herself more easily to his wiles.

But a liner stewardess is a knowledgeable diplomat, and in a morning cabin chat can communicate a wealth of sense without provoking resentment. I know, because I married one.

In a fleet of French liners also taking part in holiday cruising the following notice is affixed to the walls of the women's cabins:

Au cours du voyage, vous ferez la connaissance d'étrangers charmants!
MAIS
Prenez garde!!
Méfiez vous!!!

In English, such notices would read:

You will meet pleasant strangers on the voyage!
BUT
Look Out!!
Be Discreet!!!

Blatant warnings of this kind would be undignified and offensive if posted in the women's rooms of British ships.

Yet the spirit and purport of them should guide the inexperienced traveller who makes his, or her, first holiday voyage in any cruising luxury liner.

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SCOTTISH WOOLLEN AN ALL WOOL GENUINE SCOTCH TWEED SUIT MADE TO MEASURE 50/-
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WE FIT YOU BY POST

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OUR UNFAILING SELF-MEASURE CHART.

The risk is entirely with us. The Barry Service justifiably enjoys the largest repeat order business in the country. The fit, finish and quality of Barry clothes vie with those costing considerably more elsewhere.

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With free patterns we send you handsome Fashion Book showing London's latest styles, as also our unfailing self-measure chart. Send a postcard to-day.

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FLEECE-LINED ALL WEATHER COAT IN PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE

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WORTH TREBLE THE PRICE

Smartly cut from dependable super-spun cloth with storm defiant "Parabar" interproofing and elegant fleece lining throughout.

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Or sent CASH on DELIVERY anywhere in Great Britain. You Pay the Postman

Post us your remittance, giving us your height and size round chest OVER WAISTCOAT. State whether Putty shade or Navy Blue preferred.

Also in Single Breasted Style without Belt — 16/6

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J.B. Dept., 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

John Bull READERS' OWN STORIES (7)

"Plunging and rearing, he charged this way and that in a manner that astounded the spectators"

THIRTY DAYS *Unconscious . .*

I AM a man who left the world for thirty days—at least I was not conscious of being in it.

Can any of the JOHN BULL readers' stories beat that?

The extraordinary experience that befell me began on March 30 and ended on April 29, in the year 1923.

While it lasted the world had gone on spinning just the same, but life to me had been a closed book.

Then, with feelings I can hardly hope to describe, I suddenly awakened in the station hospital at Sialkote, India, to find the brilliant sunshine dancing on the rail at the foot of my bed.

That was the beginning of an experience which is at once the greatest and strangest in my memory.

At first I was sorely puzzled, for I had been stripped of all my clothing in readiness for a bath. But I was blissfully ignorant of all the trouble I had unwittingly caused. My memory was a complete blank. I knew nothing of the desperate battle the doctors had been waging for my life. I had not the faintest recollection of my identity.

There I lay—Mr. Nobody from Nowhere, blinking in the broad daylight of Somewhere. I found myself in the corner of a whitewashed building, screened off, gazing at the healed-up scar of an old bullet wound in my leg.

I was feeling very fit and well. In fact, I was hungry, and longing for a meal of underdone steak and chips.

My gaze wandered to an old mark on my index finger—a cut received when I was a boy at school—and finally to my feet, remarking to myself, "Well, it's me all right."

It was warm, and I was perspiring. Above my head a net was stretched over a frame with gauze curtains folded over; and this, I vaguely concluded, was for protection against mosquitoes at night.

I was wondering where on earth I might be, when I saw the turbanned head of a native pass on the far side of the green-shaded screen.

PRESENTLY an orderly appeared from that unknown world beyond the screen carrying a bowl of water and a towel.

"Hello, chum—what are you doing here?" I demanded, trying to sit up.

To my astonishment, he nearly dropped the bowl. He was obviously startled out of his wits. Setting the water on the floor, he gave me a hurried, anxious look, and backed away. "Don't move or get out of bed," he cautioned me. "I'll go and tell the sister."

His mentioning "sister" brought back to me a vision of a war hospital ward. I saw him hurry away and heard his footsteps as he dashed along the corridor. All was very still. A keen desire for enlightenment stirring my pulse, I tried to reason things out, but failed. I was weak, I found, when I made an effort to move.

Very clearly there came back to my mind then a recollection of a village street in the west of England, a farm, a square church tower, a motherly little woman leaning over a broken gate.

But these recollections did not help me very much. They were part of another existence, it seemed. Mentally bewildered, I lay staring through the window on my left at the snow-capped mountains in the mist beyond a vast, grey plain.

It was all incomprehensible.

The sister in her white-starched headdress and apron arrived, and the orderly moved the screen. She stood over me, observing me curiously.

"Good morning, Corporal," she said at last. "And how are you to-day?"

"Corporal—Corporal," I pondered, endeavouring to think it all out.

She watched me for a moment, while taking my pulse. Then she told me to lie still, adding that she would bring the doctor, who would be glad to know I was able to talk.

And away she rustled, leaving me in the capable hands of the orderly, who washed me down and dressed me in pyjamas, but who seemed too appalled to say anything.

In the land of beginning-all-over-again I found myself being peeped at curiously by men who looked over the screen, until two doctors, the matron and the sister came to my bedside.

They greeted me by name, but it conveyed nothing to me.

Gradually it was revealed to me that I was in India; that I was serving with a mounted unit; and that I had been seriously ill.

COLONEL MULLINS, of the R.A.M.C., satisfied himself very thoroughly that I was able to bend my arms, legs and fingers; and that I was able to see, hear, taste and smell. Then he sat down and told me that my recovery was miraculous.

"But what on earth happened?" I wanted to know.

"You fell from your horse," was the reply.

I hadn't the remotest idea what a horse was like. I had come back to life in a strange world of beings I didn't know, and who talked of matters beyond my understanding.

Somewhere at the back of my mind, in the mist of a wilderness of anxious doubt, were dull, grim phantasies of nights when I had beat my aching, throbbing head with my hands in my delirium; of wrestling matches with perspiring orderlies, and of soft, soothing voices urging me to lie still as I sank back into oblivion created by means of morphic injections.

Those now beside me realised the perplexities which beset my awakening mind. The matron made me comfortable and obtained a special diet for me on the spot. The senior medical officer sent a man to the bungalows about a mile away with a request that some intimate friends of mine should be brought to the hospital at once.

When I had eaten breakfast, I noticed a buff-coloured form on my bed—left there by a careless orderly—and somehow guessing that it related to me, I reached for it and scanned it eagerly. It never struck me as strange that I should be able to read.

I remember the details to this day. "Admitted to hospital at eight in the morning on Good Friday, the 30th March, bleeding from the ears, nose and mouth, suffering from severe concussion."

A further diagnosis had revealed a fractured base of the skull. "Patient in great pain, delirious. Temperature 102, pulse 42."

And so the commentary ran on, the chart, like a map with mountains, running zig-zag lines across the sheet.

Then the orderly appeared and took the buff-coloured report away from me.

"Who's Captain Fenwick?" I asked, citing a name I had espied upon that form.

I was told he was the officer who had

(Continued on page 24)

MONEY-SAVING TIPS FOR HARD-TIMES SMOKERS

FIRST Roll your own cigarettes with AG Papers and the tobacco you like best—shag, birdseye, or light Virginia. You can make 30 better cigarettes fresher, cooler, and that last longer—for the price of 20 ready-made.

SECOND Insist on AG, the paper specially chosen by tobacco-manufacturers for factory tests owing to its purity, strength and extreme thinness. You get the real flavour of the tobacco in AG. Also the AG packet stands the racket—doesn't fall to pieces in your pocket.

THIRD Roll thin or fat cigarettes according to taste—a thin one, of course, when you've only time for a whiff.

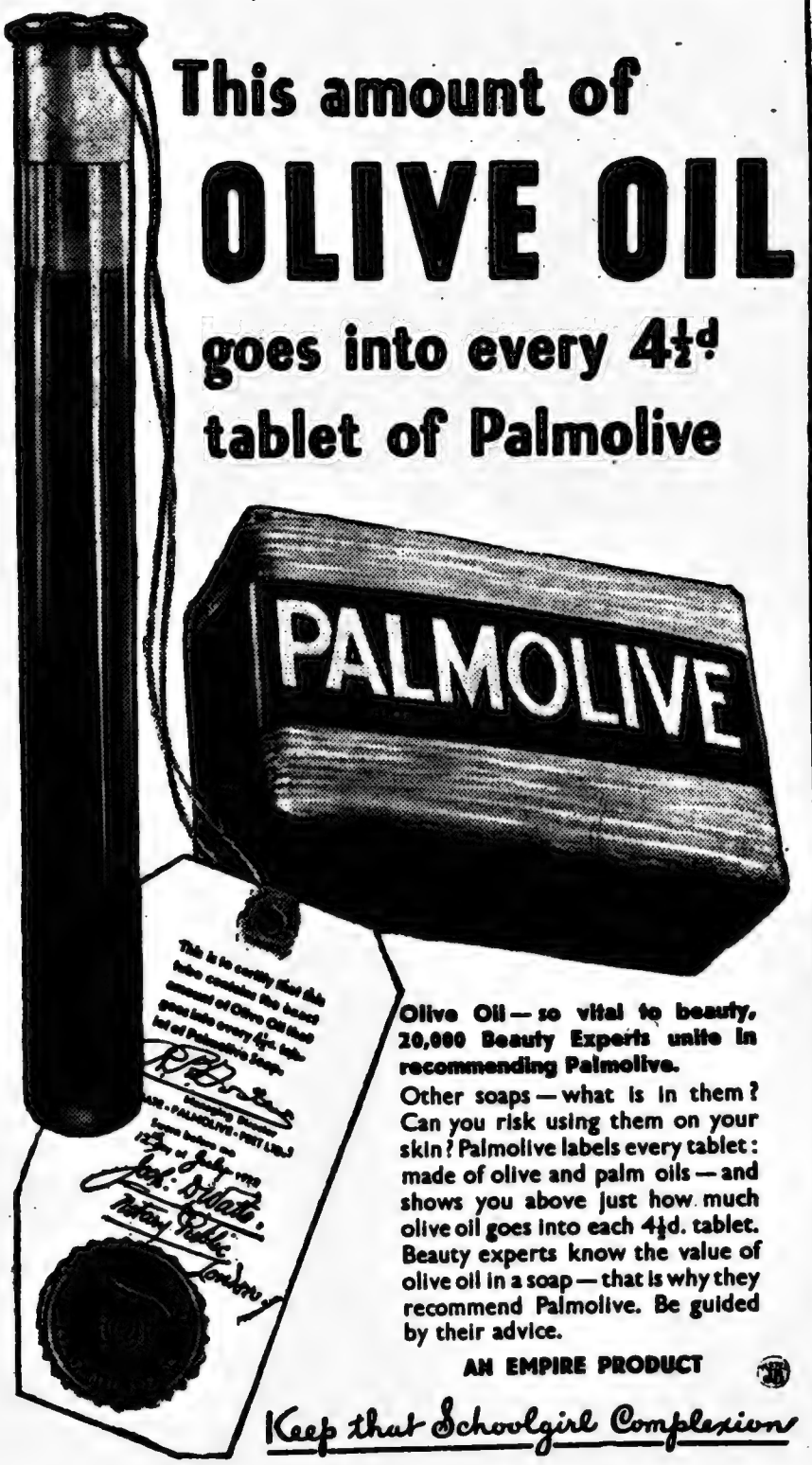
FOURTH Roll with your fingers for the best results; but if you use any machine, AG papers are still the most suitable.

FIFTH An old smoker's tip—crumple an extra leaf of AG into a little ball, place it beside the tobacco at one end of the cigarette, and roll. An old dodge this, for keeping the tip-end of your cigarette firm and dry. Makes the "cig." draw better, keeps tobacco from getting into your mouth, and, of course, allows you to smoke right to the end without throwing good tobacco away. No machine needed—unless you like—to practise this economy.

AG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Papers of Perfect Purity



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Olive Oil—so vital to beauty, 20,000 Beauty Experts unite in recommending Palmolive.

Other soaps—what is in them? Can you risk using them on your skin? Palmolive labels every tablet: made of olive and palm oils—and shows you above just how much olive oil goes into each 4½d. tablet. Beauty experts know the value of olive oil in a soap—that is why they recommend Palmolive. Be guided by their advice.

AN EMPIRE PRODUCT

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"I say, you know, my throat feels queer
I've such a tickling just here
D'you think I'm dying?"
"Oh, no fear!

Go—suck a ZUBE"

Zubes are best for throat and chest. They give a pleasant glowing warmth as you suck them. Ideal for cold, wet and foggy days.

ZUBES

2½D. per oz. or in Airtight Tins, Except in I.F.S. 3D. & 6D.

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MOTHER COMES UP TO DATE

"Cake-day, Mother? Aren't you ashamed of the time you waste stoning raisins every week?"

"It does take a long time, my dear. And then there's washing them — that takes time, too. But what else ——?"

"Well, here's a packet of the Sun-Maid raisins I always use. Aren't they lovely and big? — and clean — eat some. And there's no stoning — they're seedless or seeded. Now, put them in the cake instead of those you're using."

"Here, Mother — who's been doing your cake-making this week? This tastes twice as good as usual. And what whopping raisins ——."

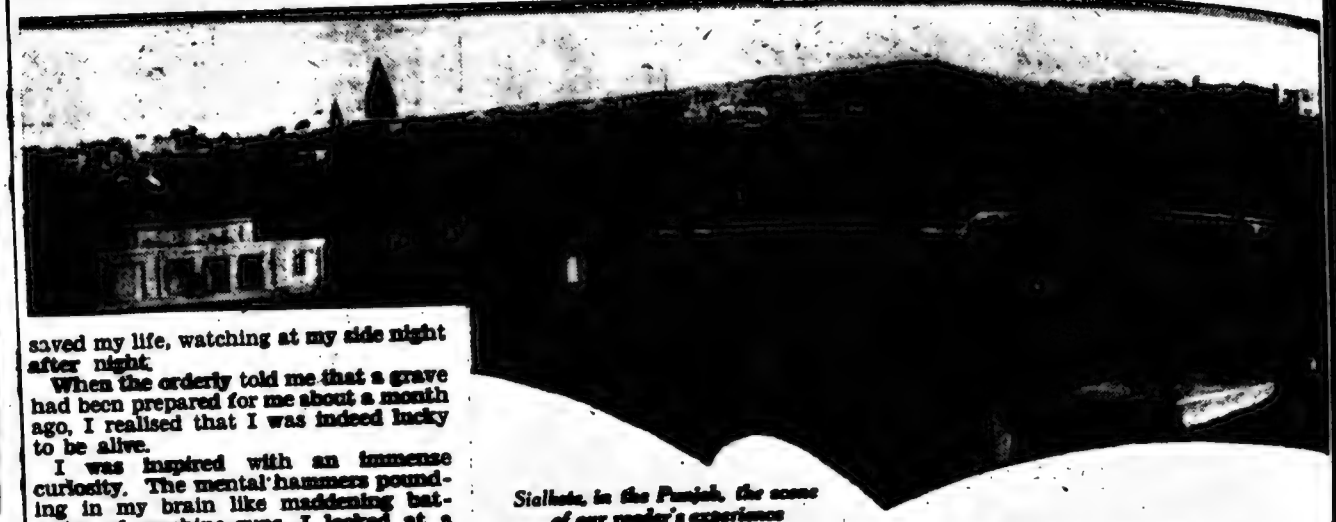
Sun-Maids are the plumpest, juiciest, most luscious raisins you ever tasted. Sweeter, finer flavoured because they're sun-ripened. BLUE packet — seeded. RED packet — seedless. Send for a free recipe booklet to Dept. I.B.15 Producers' International Sales Association Limited, 59 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Run down!—you want iron

Take iron to chase away that run-down feeling. Take it in Sun-Maid raisins — the most delicious way, and the best for you.

GROWN AND PACKED IN CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

"THIRTY DAYS UNCONSCIOUS" (continued from page 22)



Sialkote, in the Punjab, the scene of our reader's experience

saved my life, watching at my side night after night.

When the orderly told me that a grave had been prepared for me about a month ago, I realised that I was indeed lucky to be alive.

I was inspired with an immense curiosity. The mental hammers pounding in my brain like maddening batteries of machine-guns, I looked at a picture-paper and learned something about a horse.

Of course, I consoled myself, I had known all along. Now I wanted to find out what were the mountains ranging, a ragged purple rampart across the horizon, and upon enquiring, I learned they were the Himalayas, distant quite three hundred miles.

A sergeant entered then. I knew him as soon as we had shaken hands, but he had to tell me his name. He brought with him a watch which I recognised as my property. "You were wearing it when we wheeled you from the maidan on a stretcher," said he. "My hat! You have had a narrow shave."

He went on to tell me how the band had got its instruments draped in mourning black, and how he himself had warned the firing party to be ready for my burial.

He named a lot of our regimental friends, but this was going too fast for me. So slowly and gently he began to tell me the story of my accident.

It seemed that I had been entered for a tent-pegging competition in the annual mounted sports.

THERE was a much-coveted cup, for which corporals of both British and native cavalry regiments competed every year, each horseman galloping the course three times, armed with a sword and three times armed with a lance, swooping down and transfixing his peg as he swept past.

As the squadron's representative in this king of cavalry sports, I had arrived at the stables shortly before I was due to appear, only to find that the good, steady-galloping, well-trained mount I had elected to ride had been taken out on exercise in error.

The only mount left in the stable had been "B.57"—unreliable, treacherous, and possessed of an uncertain temper.

My usual mount, "B.47," was among the column which, strung out amid clouds of dust across the open country in the direction of the River Chenab, was gaining an appetite for breakfast.

There was nothing else for it but to take the mount which had been left in.

A few minutes after my arrival at the stables I had saddled up, and was out with the mixed assembly of competitors drawn from British as well as Indian cavalry regiments.

Riding with drawn sword, the sergeant now told me, I had taken two pegs in successive "runs," and in a third had "carried" a peg a dozen yards.

So far, although difficult to ride, and inclined to rear and prance, "B.57" had behaved fairly well. But immediately I took up a lance he became unmanageable.

PLUNGING and rearing, he charged this way and that, foaming at the mouth and perspiring in the early morning sun of an Indian sunrise. The sight had apparently astounded the spectators.

Always temperamental and a rough handful at the best of times, "B.57," it seems, created consternation in the ranks, and came near to stampeding everybody.

Good tent-pegging horses are naturally excitable, because of the amount of fast work they do, and they are easily aroused.

"It's a wonder there weren't more casualties," the sergeant observed. "I thought you were starting a Rodeo!"

"Exactly what occurred," the sergeant concluded, "nobody seems to know. 'B.57' reared, stood straight up, fell back, and rolled over on his side, with you beneath him. The saddle passed over your head as the lance flew from your hand and both of you hit the ground.

"We found out later that 'B.57' had been with a lancer regiment before he came to us as a 'remount,' and had been injured by a recruit at drill. *That's why he became unmanageable immediately you picked up a lance.*"

So that was the truth! I had not the slightest memory of my fierce and breathless struggle with that infuriated, highly-strung horse which ended with us both rolling in a tangled heap on the *maidan*.

All that I heard within that hour of awakening seemed like a fairy tale, and the characters moving through the scenes merely resolved themselves into the vanishing visions of a film.

Looking back upon that day, I count it as being the greatest in my life. I know now how near I was to death, and I am glad to be alive, and to be able to pull my small weight in the tug-o'-war of living.

I lived to ride that horse again. When fully recovered, the first thing I did was to saddle up "B.57" and ride him to the Sialkote Station Hospital in the Punjab, and thank the medical officers and staff who had brought me safely through the gateway of death to that wonderful awakening.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader relates a strange adventure which befell him when seeking a secretarial post in a private mental home.*

And what about your own story? We are anxious to secure authentic real-life stories of romance or adventure and will pay £10 10s. for every one published. MSS. should be typewritten, if possible, and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

SIDE-SLIPS

Send actual cuttings. 2/6 is paid for each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

CHARD AND ILMINSTER NEWS:—"The total rainfall for the month of August was 1.23 inches. The largest fall in 24 hours was 35 INCHES on the 29th."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Five men were brought up on a charge alleging that they STOLE or took away WITH THE CONSENT of the owner."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"Mr. —— was the 'ZEST man.'"

DERBYSHIRE ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—"During his service at Arabergate he has BEEN the big improvement in the line, between Broadholme and Ambergate."

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST:—"The tiny jacket is lined with a very soft wool and silk and wood mixture."

HALIFAX DAILY COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"How the WIND works in the child."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"The winter pruning of CARROTS and gooseberries is an annual operation."

SOMERSET GUARDIAN:—"There will be a TUG-OF-WAR."

DAILY MAIL:—"Mrs. ——, was killed when her two-EATER car skidded."

The Human Machine

The Straight Road

THAT Grand Old Man of football, Sir Charles Clegg, President of the Football Association, has been frequently heard to remark that "Nobody ever got lost on a straight road"; and from the day, some sixty years ago, when he used to undress under a hedge and give a lad some coppers to sit on his clothes till the match was over so that they should not be stolen, to the day when he sat at the King's side to watch the first English Cup Final ever played at the Wembley Stadium, he has steadfastly made it the motto of his own life.

To live life fully and well; to be true to oneself and to one's fellows—this should not be so very hard a task. Maybe so few people succeed because so few people concentrate on the real essentials of a successful life.

The poet Whittier once summed them up in a description of this "straight road on which no one ever gets lost":

When I am dead, if men can say,
"He helped the world upon its way";
If they can say—if they but can—
"He did his best, he played the man.
His way was straight, his soul was clean,
His failings not unkind nor mean.
He loved his fellow men, and tried
To help them," I'll be satisfied.

There is nothing very abstruse or difficult about that—merely never knowingly to do a wrong thing; never deliberately doing an injury to another; never wilfully being untrue to any principles we hold dear. Would not adherence to a few simple ideals like these enable anyone to play the man?

There's nothing clever in being false and deceitful; there's nothing admirable in being sly, and crooked, and "slim"; nor is there anything particularly difficult about it.

The difficult part of life is to keep on the straight road when it would be much easier to go wandering down some tempting bypath; to push resolutely forward when it would be so much easier to have a rest; to do some uncongenial duty when it would be a simple matter to dodge it.

That takes doing—but don't forget that the straight road is much the quickest route to wherever you want to go.

Joy of Living

It comes from the RIGHT food cooked the RIGHT way ★

How children do enjoy Heinz Baked Beans—the beans that are baked nut brown and 'mealy' so that the rich tomato sauce flavours them through and through!

These delicious little beans build body, bone and blood. And because Heinz Beans are oven-baked, and not just boiled, they are easy to digest.

Be wise. Give the children Heinz Baked Beans *often*. They're served in a twink.

6d per 1lb. tin. This price does not apply in the Irish Free State.

★ In every raw bean there are little fibrous coil-skins. But the dry heat of the baking process crumbles these away—and leaves the whole bean mealy brown and thoroughly digestible. That is why Heinz Baked Beans are baked in the dry heat of ovens and why it is so important to see the words "Oven Baked" on the tin you buy.

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BAKED BEANS

So different from beans that are not baked!

BAKED IN ENGLAND

Make your bath a real tonic!

Oh, to feel tiredness drift from your limbs like heavy fog dispersing, the water cleansing from millions of pores the acid waste of the day. With a Reckitt's Bath Cube your bath becomes a tonic—reviving reassuring you. Your blood reacts, your muscles are toned. Soon, very soon, you are—oh, how rested and right!

RECKITT'S Bath Cubes

2d. each, and in cartons of three cubes for 6d. or six cubes for 1/-

BRITISH MADE by RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

Because she knows that "Velouty de Dixor" does not only ensure a perfect complexion to-day, but preserves a soft and velvety skin in years when other women find the charm of youth is leaving them. In Velouty, Cream and Powder are combined in one together—or adding fragrance and lasting loveliness to your beauty.

VELOUTY de DIXOR
THE ORIGINAL COMBINED CREAM & POWDER

Made in Four shades: White, natural, ivory and ochre

Sold in tubes: 4½ d, 6 d, 1/-, 2/-, 3/-. Also Pots de luxe: 4/6 in pots: 2/9.

Obtainable from all best class hair dressers, chemists and stores.

FREE: 3 TRIAL TUBES OF VELOUTY

Send 2 d. in stamps to cover cost of mailing, to DIXOR LTD., Dept B1, 63 Newman Street, London W.1. (Please write in block letters.)

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Address

Her future is assured . . .

what about your children?

Good health! . . . the greatest gift you can make your children for the years to come.

Give your children, *now*, the benefit of nourishing Quaker breakfasts, and so assure them future health and strength.

The reason Quaker is rich in all those health-building properties so essential to growing children is because it is milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies. Its delicious creamy flavour will appeal to the whole family . . . and where else can you get so much appetising nourishment at so little cost?

A quick no-trouble breakfast, too—*Quick* Quaker is ready in 4 minutes.

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

MADE IN CANADA

Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

A Way Out for—

Three Worried Men

NAPOLEON once said, with a sneer, Britain is "a nation of shopkeepers." And up to recent years Society and the Professions adopted a similar belittling attitude towards those engaged in trade.

The Great War changed our ideas in this as in so many other respects. Nowadays many of the finest brains are devoted to commerce. It is recognised that there is nothing to be ashamed of in honest endeavour of any kind, and shopkeeping is as useful and honourable work as any other.

Amongst the letters I receive every week are a number that come to me from people who have their own businesses. Many of them are one-man concerns, and some of them have been badly hit in recent years.

Here is the case of a correspondent who tells me that after the war he was unfitted for his old occupation as a commercial traveller, and so he started a small general stores in a little country town.

"I now realise that I selected the wrong pitch," he says. "My shop is a mile away from the centre of the town where people congregate on market days, so that I do not receive any custom from the country districts.

"There is this further disadvantage. The easier methods of transport take a great many people by 'bus to the city twelve miles away, where they do most of their shopping. This means that I have only a small connection, but, with my pension, manage just to make ends meet.

"But my wife and I have one daughter, who is now fifteen and has a gift for music. Her teacher has strongly urged us to let her continue her studies, as she believes she will have a great future as a pianist. But as things are we cannot afford to let her do this.

"Would you advise us to dispose of our present business and try to find one elsewhere with more scope? Or must we try to curb our daughter's ambition, and let her find some other pursuit that will not be a drain on us?"

This man with the aid of his pension and small business can keep his home going. It is the daughter's musical education which presents the difficulty.

It seems a pity that a gifted girl should not have her chance in life. And if her father can find a shop, say, in that market town, which offers him more scope, I think he would be justified in taking it.

But it is no use giving up a certain half-loaf for a doubtful whole one. His present connection, though small, is probably sure, and it is by no means certain that he will increase it by moving elsewhere.

Is it not possible for him to stay where he is and yet to increase his trade?

He talks about the people going to purchase their goods in the near-by city. But if those customers will not come to him, has he tried going to them? By canvassing, introducing new lines, taking smaller profits with the prospect of quicker returns—these are some suggestions that might help him.

His sole purpose is to help his daughter; but what is she doing to help herself? If she is so talented, can she not obtain one of the many free or half-fee scholarships which are available today?

Now, bearing in mind what I have said about the difficulties of modern business, let me turn to my next problem.

It concerns a man who is married with one child, and who has been unemployed for the last three months. He writes:

"I am buying my house through a building society, and if I pay off the remaining amount of about £400 by the end of November, I can clear the mortgage, thus relieving me of the heavy monthly instalments. But, on the other hand, this will constitute all my capital.

"I could of course re-sell the house, probably at a loss, and utilise the cash in buying a business. Or, on the other hand, I could obtain a partnership in a small business with my present capital and struggle on with the monthly payments.

"I may add that I am middle-aged and not entitled to the 'dole,' and as my money is gradually dwindling away every week, I should be so grateful for your advice."

Let me submit this point of view to my correspondent: If he invests his remaining capital in the house it will, of course, relieve him of his monthly instalments, but it will bring him no other return.

My correspondent talks about "buying a business." Well, that in these days is not a bed of roses.

One man I know who started a small newspaper and tobacco business has to get up at five o'clock, and he does not close his shop until eight at night. And he has to work on Sundays as well.

So the small business proposition would not appeal to everyone. But I think it might in the case under review for two reasons.

In the first place, my correspondent seems to hanker after something of the kind; and, secondly, he has sufficient capital to establish a small concern. And if he is prepared to put his back into it there is no reason why he should not be successful.

My next problem has given me many anxious hours. My correspondent is a man who has been engaged in the export trade since the age of sixteen and is now fifty-three. He states:

"A year ago my firm closed down owing to the bad state of trade, and after six weeks of unemployment I started on my own account with a capital of £350. I have worked hard and long, but high tariffs abroad and the restrictions on the export of currency have nullified all I have done.

"And to-day I find that my capital has dwindled to only £90, and the outlook seems worse than when I first started."

Now my correspondent is losing money every week; his outlook is worse than when he started; it is likely, therefore, that his remaining £90 will soon go the way of the rest. What is he to do?

Ninety pounds is not much with which to start life afresh at fifty-three. And there is this further heavy handicap: He has been engaged in one particular trade since he was sixteen. He has no experience of any other work.

But what about turning this apparent handicap into an advantage. If his export business has all dried up, can't he try selling his goods in this country?

He talks of "high tariffs abroad nullifying all I have done." There are now high tariffs at home. And those trade embargoes that restrict exportation of his goods into other countries prevent those countries from sending their goods here.

Surely he can take up some selling agency here in the line of life he understands? That thirty-seven years' experience must be of some value. If he has to canvass from shop to shop or door to door, it would be worth the attempt.

Thousands of business men and tradesmen are up against things to-day. Like Haig in 1918, they are fighting with their backs to the wall. But, as in those days, tenacity, courage and that "never say die" spirit can turn apparently hopeless situations into great victories.

JOHN BULL'S "Humanist" here deals with three readers' problems. Let him help you; write to him and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

The one-man shopkeeper finds that the scales are weighted against him? What can he do?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

"The Greatest of These—"

The Failure

Eileen

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Eileen's dad, in despair at being out of work, committed suicide last June. Here is the simple statement of facts as told by his widow:

"My husband couldn't get work and felt depressed. He got very ill and went in hospital. He seemed better when he came home, and I left him reading one night and went to bed.

"When I woke up at four o'clock in the morning and saw he hadn't been to bed, I went to look for him. I found he had gassed himself in the kitchen, and he died on the way to the hospital.

"I am left with seven children. The eldest is thirteen and the baby eighteen months. I get the widow's pension, but I find it a struggle to keep the children.

"If I could get a little help I could sell flowers or something during the week-ends. If I only earned a few shillings, it would keep them in boots."

In pity for this widow and children, we believe our readers will come to their assistance. All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

NEW bottle for the Best of Beef

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Beefex now has a bottle worthy of its reputation for economy and solid worth. A fat-necked bottle that welcomes a teaspoon *and yields up every scrap of Beefex before you call it "empty."* Beefex is solider and more substantial. It is less salty and more economical. It is prime beef concentrated under ideal conditions. It is packed in *the* most modern bottle. Isn't it worth a trial to-day?

Drink Beefex ...cook with it too

FROM ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, AND STORES.
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CUBES 1d. dissolve instantly.

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10d. PER OZ.

ALWAYS FRESH IN 1-OZ. AIR-TIGHT TINS

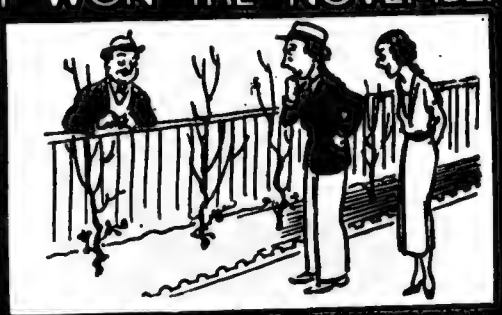
Now, you thousands of "John Bull" smokers who have tried Bondman Empire Blend, tell your pipe-smoking pals how good it is. For those who have not yet tried it there are still a few Trial packets left (sufficient for three to four pipes full). Send a P.C. and please *print* your name and address. Richard Lloyd and Sons, 83, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1

(Richard Lloyd & Sons, Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

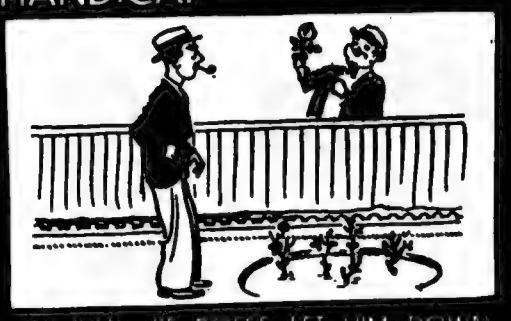
royds.—18b

HOW SMITH WON THE NOVEMBER HANDICAP

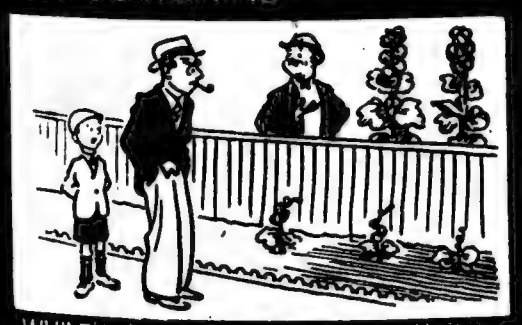
IN THE SPRING SMITH'S BULBS WERE VERY DISAPPOINTING



LATER HIS SWEET PEAS ENTIRELY FAILED TO COME UP TO EXPECTATIONS



IN JULY HIS ROSES LET HIM DOWN BADLY



WHILE IN SEPTEMBER HIS HOLLYHOCKS FAILED PITIFULLY TO RISE TO THEIR USUAL HEIGHTS

BUT AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE DISPLAY IN NOVEMBER WAS THE ADMIRATION OF ALL HIS NEIGHBOURS!

THANKS TO "Standard" FIREWORKS

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1/6 each. Devil among Tailors, Bouquets of Roman Candles, Chinese Flyers, Triangle Wheels.

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with SCOTT'S Emulsion—the best strength-maker for growing children, the surest safeguard against coughs and colds. SCOTT'S Emulsion is rich in life-giving vitamins, health-promoting cod liver oil and body-building hypophosphites. Every drop is tonic nourishment, every spoonful an aid to health. But it must be genuine

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Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

THIS WINTER

Roboleine is used extensively in hospitals and is recommended by doctors all over the world. The results obtained are described as marvellous. Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, firm flesh and muscle are formed, good red blood is made and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored.

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12-DOSE SAMPLE.
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Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing. (*Use block letters.*)

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J.B.18.....

SYLVIA PANKHURST'S *Greatest Hour*—

Suffragettes being taken into custody after attempting to "storm" Buckingham Palace with a petition in 1914

It Gave Women the Vote

THE greatest hour of my life so far was when, in the fight for Votes for Women, now concluded, the belief came to me that Asquith, the Prime Minister, who had been our most stubborn opponent, was visibly weakening towards surrender to our demand.

This belief, so strong that it amounted to certainty, came to me when I lay on the steps of the House of Commons, having declared that I would continue my fast until the Prime Minister had agreed to receive a deputation of East End women.

His sudden capitulation, after four refusals, revealed to me that victory was at hand. For years he had refused to receive the Suffragette deputations, preferring that thousands of women, in their efforts to see him, should be bruised and beaten in Parliament Square, that hundreds should go to prison.

At the time of which I write, I was working in the East End, where I had formed many branches and organised an active campaign to broaden the basis of the Suffragette forces.

I had been summoned under an old Act of Edward III, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for having advised a Trafalgar Square crowd to go to Downing Street to hoot the Prime Minister for his opposition to our cause.

Like hundreds of other women at the time, I had refused to remain passively in prison and had immediately entered upon a hunger and thirst strike.

"Cat and mouse"

I was periodically released on licence for a few days under what was commonly known as the "Cat and Mouse Act," which had been passed in order that the Government might compel the Suffragettes to serve their sentences without incurring the odium of permitting them to die of starvation in the cells.

Released for anything from one day to a week or so, the prisoners were followed to their homes by detectives, who waited on the doorstep to seize and take them back to prison at the expiry of the brief licence.

After several such imprisonments and releases, I wrote to the Prime Minister demanding that he should receive a deputation on the subject of Votes for Women which would be elected from great popular demonstrations held throughout the East End. The terms of the demand which would be laid before him would be decided by these popular demonstrations.

As I hoped and expected, the great demonstrations in every case demanded, not a limited measure, but a vote for every woman over twenty-one. This was a great new departure.

I wrote to the Prime Minister informing him that the demonstrations had been held, the demand adopted, the deputation elected, and urging him to receive us. He refused very curtly, and repeated his refusal four times. My licence had now expired.

Again I wrote to him naming the evening on which the deputation would march to the House to see him despite his refusal. I added that I should accompany the deputation, and that if I were taken back to prison, and the deputation were not received, I should continue my hunger and thirst strike in prison or out, until he agreed to see us.

Everything happened as I expected. The procession set forth. I was carried with it on a stretcher, for from repeated fasting I was too weak to walk. The police ambushed us in a narrow part of the road, felled my bearers to the ground, dragged me into a taxi, and drove me back to prison.

Weeping women

I resumed my fast and was released on the ninth day. As was customary, a wardress took me in a cab to 400, Old Ford Road, the headquarters of our organisation in the East End, where I then lived.

My friend Norah Smyth had a motor-car waiting for me at the door, prepared to take me at once to the House of Commons. The road was crowded with weeping women, who stretched out their arms to me and would have deterred me if they could. Like myself, they considered it more than possible that Asquith would maintain his refusal until my death.

I entered the car and we drove towards Westminster. The sun had already set on that long midsummer evening, June 18, 1914. I considered coldly the position: Asquith would refuse to give way; I should be taken back to prison, and should continue my fast there.

It was already dusk when we reached Parliament, a huge crowd had collected, for my intention was widely known. We halted near the statue of Richard I.

Keir Hardie, always the staunchest friend of our cause, and Josiah Wedgwood, came out to speak to me. I told them I intended to lie on the steps of the House. Keir Hardie urged that I should go with him into St. Stephen's Hall, where I might rest on a cushioned seat. I reminded him that the Speaker had placed me on the black list of persons who might not enter the House.

Keir Hardie returned to the House to get speech with the Prime Minister, and soon Wedgwood followed him within those portals. When they were gone, I told my women friends I would wait no longer and asked them to help me to the steps where I would lie.

As we approached the Strangers' Entrance, the main entrance to the House, and they saw a large number of policemen stationed before the door, the women flinched from approaching, and took me instead to the little square door to the left of the main entrance, nearer to Cromwell's statue. There I lay.

The crowd gathered round; the police advanced and told me I must not remain there. I replied that I was waiting for the Prime Minister's promise to receive the deputation and would not move till it came.

After some argument, the police inspector in charge of the squad informed me that I was to be removed by force. His men were just stooping to take me when H. W. Nevinson came running out of the House with the news that Asquith had agreed to see the deputation in two days' time.

Victory in sight

I could not believe that the contest of wills had ended so soon; that my risk and my struggle were at an end. I thought it was merely a story to get me to go away. But Keir Hardie was at my side confirming what had been said. I knew he would not deceive me.

The women about us broke out into cheers and laughter, and cried: "We are winning!" We all felt this speedy capitulation of our stubborn old foe the augury of victory.

Amid the rejoicing I returned to the car. We drove toward the East End. A small thought came—almost a joke it seemed, and so pleasant: "Now I can have a drink of hot water!" We stopped at one of the "Cabin" restaurants; they were all over London in those days. At the news that I was outside, the attendants flocked out and cheered with enthusiasm.

Already the news had been telephoned to Old Ford. The women outside in the road dried their tears and broke into laughter. How gaily they met me!

When the deputation saw the Prime Minister two days later I was too unwell to accompany it, but that did not trouble me. I was content that the East End women should state their own case.

In replying to their poignant words, just as I had anticipated, Asquith showed the first clear sign of withdrawing his opposition.

On our side

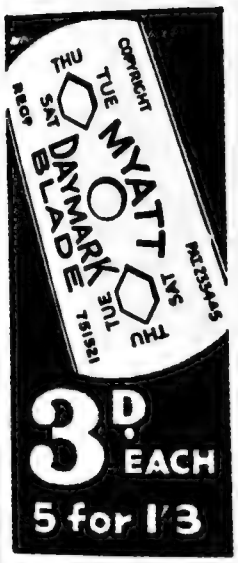
His next utterance on the suffrage question was made during the war, when he suddenly appeared as an advocate of Votes for Women, declaring that he could not deny the justice of our claim, nor consent to any extension of the franchise which should fail to include women.

As everyone knows, it was Asquith who finally moved the clause by which women received the first measure of Parliamentary enfranchisement in this country.

There is still a greater hour than any I have lived. I want to see the end of poverty. Under modern conditions humankind can produce plenty for all, not only of material things, but of culture, art and opportunities to enter into the highest intellectual activities of which the mind is capable.

With this hope ever before me, my greatest hour is yet to come.

How do you get your chin so smooth?



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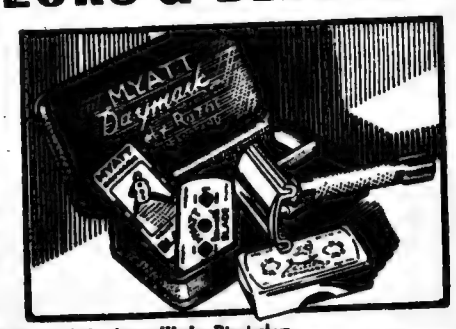

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"Rub in Elliman's—Rub OUT Pain"—is the truest slogan ever coined.

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and prevent many common physical deteriorations of middle age.

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For its invaluable aid in Accidents, Elliman's is essential everywhere, For

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it is unsurpassed. Swellings subside, discolorations disappear!

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Elliman's in the Bath wards off and banishes—

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Elliman's has ever been the Sportsmen's "Friend in Need" for promoting

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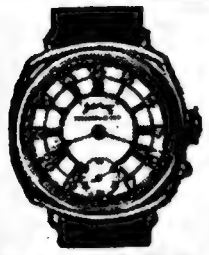

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39 M.C.T.

"FOR 20 YEARS CATARRH PESTERED ME—THEN KARSOTE CAME AS A GODSEND"

"I have suffered now about twenty years with Catarrh and nose trouble and have tried everything. Then by chance I saw Karsote advertised. I tried a 1/- bottle and, believe me, I got relief the first night. I had always a tightness in my nose and I could never breathe properly. But Karsote has proved a godsend, and the way in which it opens up the nose gradually and removes all catarrhal trouble is wonderful." S.S., Bolton.

Karsote (Brand) Inhalant is obtainable from your usual chemist. Trial size 1/-; double the quantity 1/6; four times the quantity 2/6.

Stiff and Painful Joints

To treat Rheumatic Joints you must clear the poison from the blood. External treatment will not give lasting relief; "Clarkes Blood Mixture" goes to the root of the trouble by removing the cause. It is unequalled as a purifier and healer.

Obtainable in Liquid or Tablet form of all Chemists, 3/- per bottle.

"CLARKES" BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE BLOOD MIXTURE

ONCE again a pit cage has gone crashing into the eternity of blackness that lurks at pit bottom. Nineteen more brave lives taken as the purchase price of mere coal. . . .

Until the relief fund for the Leigh bereaved is closed the nation thinks with a little more gratitude than usual of those who live to carry on. Then it will forget until some new horror comes to remind it.

But, knowing little or nothing of their lives, it never thinks at all of us men whose job is to sink pit shafts far down into the earth, who must dangle on mere ropes in rough-hewn ratholes at a depth ten, fifteen times the height of the Nelson Monument.

I am a miner who was specially picked out as capable of doing this highly dangerous work, and I tell you it is no joke.

At a depth of 3,000 ft. strange odours lurk, to be released by the pick of the pioneer. Death comes slyly as a gas, and may overcome you before you have noticed his presence.

If you are lucky there is a scurry for the top, with you wondering all the time whether the creaking cables will betray you by tipping your little platform and hurling you to doom.

Sometimes the reaper comes in watery guise.

Deep down in the shaft you have reached a point where there is always a sinister-looking black pool beneath you. The buckets descend and whisk filthy black fluid away to the top. And just as you notice the level going down and down, it seems to take a leap to reach you.

The cables creak again—and you are snatched to safety in the nick of time.

Some people have a strange idea of shaft-sinking operations. They seem to think you always see a pin-point of daylight at the top, and gain a feeling of confidence from it.

They cannot imagine that you are more often than not locked away entirely from the world.

Most shafts are sunk to existing workings as improvements on old, out-of-date shafts, or because the workings have extended so far from the old shafts. Whenever this is so the men who are digging the new shafts have to be locked away from the world above them by a double skin drawn over the top of the shaft, between which is a partial vacuum.

If this were not so, anything might happen when the shaft reached the workings, in which hundreds of men were engaged.

Hazardous job

You have to remember that a pit is ventilated on radiator lines. One shaft admits cool, life-giving air, and another takes away the foul, odious stuff it must replace. The air goes round and round like the water in a heating system.

If another shaft came into operation the whole ventilation system would break down, and men would lie gasping for air in the bowels of the earth before help could reach them.

The result is to make the work of shaft-sinking ten times more hazardous and confined, and give the man who is beginning work in a half-finished shaft the feeling that he is saying good-bye to the world for ever.

He must approach a gloomy but sturdy-looking hut built over the top, and when he has entered he finds another hut within it. And not until he has closed the door of the outer shell can he open that of the inner shell and begin his descent.

A message comes up from the depths—a seam is discovered!

THE OTHER Pit Heroes

by

One of Them

Two complete circles of cables hang into the yawning chasm, and when one understands their functions one knows the method employed in sinking a shaft.

The outer circle raises and lowers a circular platform on which work the bricklayers, who line the tube—working downwards, it must be remembered—with millions of bricks, with the knowledge that one brick mishandled might mean death to a comrade working far below.

The inner circle of cables lowers the excavators with their picks and shovels, who feel their way down gently with explosives that would shatter a cathedral, and lumber up with rock, and clay, and chalk and awful-looking liquids.

These are fed at the top into railway trucks—full-sized trucks that go through the two skins and partial vacuum to the very top of the shaft.

I have known what it is to have black water leap up at me like a bear in a bear pit. I have known what it is to feel drowsy, and just want to fall asleep on my platform, and have actually done so, to be awakened up there in the too-brilliant sunshine with the help of life-giving oxygen.

I have heard rock come crashing down from two, three thousand feet above, have felt the whistle of it as it passed me, and have uttered my little prayer of thankfulness. I have seen such a fall carry away one of the great lights that hung over us.

I have heard noises above that have made me fear the sides were caving in. But the worst shock I ever experienced down there was when a man went temporarily insane with terror.

He was a bricklayer, and had got the job because of his genius at making railway tunnels.

Anyway, I was working next to him at a depth of some two hundred feet, with a sheer drop of another three hundred feet beneath us, when he asked me what I was going to have for tea.

"For tea?" I asked. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I won't have tea with you," he said very quietly, "because I have got to jump over there."

Fight for life

I was staggered, on looking into his rather thin, young face, to notice that he was whimpering.

One jerky little move on his part towards the black pit decided me. I took a leap at him and held him pinned by the arms. He tried to jump with me in his shoulders, but I looped my arm round a cable and held on until the men around joined us.

It seemed like an eternity before we reached the top, with all of us clinging together and the platform swaying with the impetus of our fight and the speed of ascent.

Twenty-four hours later he was himself again. But we never employed him at shaft work after that. He went back to his railway tunnelling.

Now I, too, have found other work—safe work, healthy work. And when I sit at my fireside o' nights, grateful for the warmth of my own hearth, I thank God for the miner who risks his life to get black diamonds for me, and to the man who goes down to make a way for him.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Over the Sticks

HERE we are on the verge of November and soon the curtain will descend on the Flat-racing season of 1932. The jumpers will then come into their own and on our courses will be seen many of the old "rags," as they are termed, going round again with all their old enthusiasm, for it is a fact that the "over-the-sticks" performers are, in most cases, fond of the game.

The Flat over, the Wraggs, the Richards, the Rickabys, and other lightweights of the jockey ilk depart, and in their places we shall be reading of Stott, Danny Morgan, Billy Speck, George Goswell, Gerald Hardy, Rees and the other winter riders.

Jumping is a great old game, and I hope that the coming season will be profitable to us. It is not, alas, so profitable for the jockeys, as compared with those who ride under Flat rules.

The last Alexandra Park meeting of the season takes place this week-end. I am inclined to give Careful Sailor another chance in the Autumn Cup race. If he goes for this prize the four-year-old stands a pretty good chance.

For the Saturday "double" I take Pole Star filly in the Woodland Nursery, and Bolivia in the Highgate Handicap Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 27, to Wednesday, November 2.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O

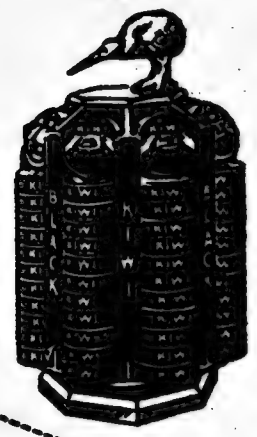
93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

ULCLYX97F would read FRARGENT.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. YCLQ972X would read GARONNE.

Ah! that reminds me



to get another tin of

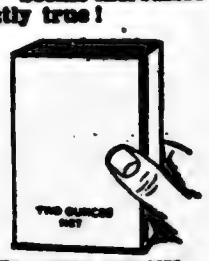
KIWI

THE QUALITY SHOE POLISH

Corns, Callouses & Hard Skin.

Two tins of OOZOO famous corn remover removed corns and callouses to fill one two ounce cocoa tin from the feet of one person. Seems incredible but perfectly true!

One third actual size.



WHAT GREATER TESTIMONY REQUIRED?

Read also what Insurance Inspector says:—

Manchester. 23.9.32.

Dear Sirs,

Kindly send half doz. boxes of your Corn Cure. I have recommended it to a lot of my friends and agents of our Co., as I find it the best corn cure ever invented. It cured me in one week—I am only buying the cure to give to my friends. You can use this letter. Enclosed find P.O. I am an Inspector of the Royal London In. Co., Ltd., and do a lot of walking, so realise what good your cure has done me. You will have other orders from my friends.

M—— F——,

Inspector, R.L.I. Co., Ltd.

OOZOO is sent out in plain wrapper 1/3 per box. Post free 1/3. Send to-day.

OOZOO DEPT. J.B.

HINDLEY GREEN, WIGAN, LANCS.

For your throat

Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist sells them

8°° & 1/3 Per Box

Wonderful New Discovery!

—No More Shaving

"SNOW," the most marvellous discovery of modern science, makes razors unnecessary. It will give you the closest, smoothest shave of all. Bristly chins, sore chins, cuts and gashes, are now things of the past. This new discovery entirely supersedes the old shaving methods. Absolutely harmless, it cannot possibly even affect the most sensitive of skins.

1 A really tough beard.

Sensational Discovery brings smooth, close shave—easily, efficiently

"SNOW" is a scientific preparation which removes the hair, leaving the chin soft and completely clean. It breaks off the hair at its softest point, where it comes out of the pores, thus ensuring the amazingly close shave. Remove "SNOW" and your beard goes with it. The more you use "SNOW" the more you will like it. Read the extracts below from hundreds of testimonials received from converts to this new method which has the approval of the medical profession and has passed the most scrupulous analysis and scientific tests. Do not delay—send off the coupon below and begin a new era of complete shaving comfort.

2 Snow evenly applied.

No Razor—No Cuts

Throw away that razor. Stop buying those expensive blades. Don't endure any more the slightest risk of cutting your face. Use "SNOW," the easy and pleasant way which lasts longer than any razor shave. Its efficiency is astounding. Thousands use it regularly.

Satisfaction Assured

"SNOW" must be tried to even begin to appreciate the true secret which supersedes the old shaving methods. It is applied quickly and easily. If your skin is tender and every shave means torture, or if you have a hard beard, "SNOW" will prove a Godsend.

3 The smoothest shave you ever had—and without a razor.

"SNOW" is Manufactured in England

It has been analysed and tested under the most scrupulous scientific conditions. Absolutely harmless, after using "SNOW" you will find your face smoother than it has ever been since you were a boy. The medical profession approves of it. Begin a new era of complete shaving comfort by sending off the coupon below.

"SNOW" received the enthusiastic approval of a professor of a world-famous university and has been tested and endorsed by a well-known London analytical chemist.

BRITANNIA LABORATORIES (J.B.)

13, LITTLE TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Simply apply

'SNOW'

With SPATULA or FIBRE BRUSH

EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS IN REGARD TO "SNOW"

I received the "Snow" quite safe, and I think it is a wonderful thing.
Mr. W. G. M., Jersey, C.I.

I have used your "Snow" and find it is splendid. . . .
Mr. E. J., London, N.2.

. . . and after using it regularly, I am able to say that it is the best of its kind.
Mr. D. S., Liverpool.

. . . I am more than satisfied with it. I shall endeavour to get my friends to use it.
Mr. W. H., Gunthorpe.

. . . I am pleased with the results. Thanks for a splendid shave.
Mr. J. E. B., Liverpool.

. . . I have found it very satisfactory and pleasant to use. I no longer dread shaving.
Mr. A. McI., Gosforth.

. . . the "Snow" shave which I had to-day is cleaner than any razor shave I have ever had. . . .
Mr. A. T., London.

. . . and being pleased with the results of the trial of the first lot, I have decided to retain this second supply. . . .
Mr. W. F. S., Manchester.

. . . I received a very clean shave, which I cannot in one operation obtain with a razor. . . .
Mr. F. G., London.

. . . that the "Snow" shave which I had to-day is a cleaner shave than I ever got at the barbers . . .
Mr. R. R., London.

. . . which I received to-day from "Snow" is satisfactory in every respect. . . .
Mr. P. G. S., London.

. . . the shave which I received to-day with one application of "Snow" is cleaner and closer than the shave I obtain with my razor. My face feels smooth and refreshed and there is no irritation or red flush at all.
A. A., London.

. . . The "Snow" shave took my beard away so close that I am amazed.
Mr. S., London.

. . . I have in the past used practically every variety of razors on the market and find that, in order to obtain a clean shave, at least four applications of lather are necessary. My first shave with "Snow" was, however, a revelation. After one application, a two days' growth was effectively removed, without any irritation, cuts or similar unpleasantness familiar to all users of the razor. Instead my face felt pleasingly refreshed and cool. You may use this letter in any way you wish.
Mr. M. G. B., London.

—POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY—

To BRITANNIA LABORATORIES (DEPT. J.B.),
13, Little Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

Please send me, post free, in accordance with your guarantee offer, One full-size box of "Snow," with spatula, 1/9. Or One box, containing 2½ times as much, with spatula and special fibre brush, 2/9. If ordered by C.O.D. add 4d.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"John Bull," 29/10/32. .....

PLEASE INSERT NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

DELIGHT
WITH THE LID OFF...

MINCE PIES..

HERE'S THE PERFECT RECIPE

1. Rub together finely 1 lb. Flour, ½ lb. Lard, 1 teaspoonful Baking Powder and one pinch salt.
2. Make into stiff paste with cold water.
3. Roll half of paste very thin. Line patty tins.
4. Put one tablespoonful of ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT ("Golden Shred" Brand) in each patty tin.
5. Roll out and cut remaining pastry, place on top.
6. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.
7. Sift with sugar. Serve warm or cold.

Robertson's Mincemeat
GOLDEN SHRED BRAND

Fresh fruit, pure sugar and Oriental spices—blended to perfection by Robertson.

Whatever Your Skin Trouble

Heal It With ZAM-BUK.

DON'T neglect any skin trouble, however slight. Unless attended to right away, that rash, patch of pimples, chapped, rough skin, sore lips, or that persistent irritation may easily develop into obstinate skin disease. Your safest and most certain remedy is Zam-Buk.

Twentieth-century medical knowledge has brought Zam-Buk to a pitch of perfection not found in any other skin preparation. Here in one purely herbal ointment are valuable antiseptics to cleanse the flesh and prevent the growth of dangerous disease germs, emollients to soothe the nerves and tissues, and stimulants to maintain a flow of healthy blood and carry strength to the affected spot.

Many countries supply these herbal ingredients, which are skilfully refined and dissolved into a blend so delicate that the pores can and do absorb them.

Zam-Buk is thus excellent for eczema, chapped hands, chilblains, bad legs, poisoned wounds, scalp troubles, burns, scalds, cuts, rheumatism, cold on the chest, lumbago, piles, etc. Of all chemists 1/3 or 3/- per box. Look for the registered trade mark Zam-Buk on each package, which is also sealed with the Government Stamp.

BRITAIN *is Beautiful—but . .*

by

A. FENNER BROCKWAY,

whose new book, "Hungry England," is based on a recent tour of the towns and countryside

I AM tired of the towns, with their sordid, drab monotony, and take to the country.

How beautiful this Britain is! I do not choose the beauty spots! With rucksack on my back I walk south from Leicester through Warwickshire. I return to London, take train to Norwich, and then go by road to the coast and south to Ipswich.

These are flat districts without any reputation for loveliness, yet how lovely I find them after the Black Country and Birmingham!

The trees everywhere—woods, and coppices, and avenues along the roadside—the hidden pools of dark water, the village churches, the thatched cottages, the winding lanes, the glowing green of the fields.

At first I forget that there is such a thing as poverty. I drink the air and swing along the road with laughter and song.

I seek out the agricultural labourers, I sit in the village inns and chat with the men as they drink their half-pints of beer. I meet folk casually on the roads and on the greens. I get a meal in a cottage or at a farm-house, and I learn something from everyone I meet.

Eternal struggle

I find agricultural labourers struggling to exist on 30s. and even 28s. a week. They can just manage it.

The rent is from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a week for a four-roomed cottage. They get vegetables from the garden, and sometimes fruit or eggs from their own poultry.

But the cost of food generally is actually higher than in the market-places of the towns, and clothing and housing utensils are invariably dearer.

There are some men I meet who actually have no pocket money to spend on tobacco or beer. One man is allowed 1s. by his wife, who has to exercise extraordinary ingenuity in allocating every penny from his weekly earnings.

That is when times are good and the husband is in regular employment. What, then, of the seasons of irregular work, or the tragedy of dismissal through the introduction of farm machinery?

When such disasters occur there is literal hunger in the countryside. After a week—heaven knows how they live during these seven days—the family goes on poor relief, with perhaps "test work" for the man; or the man gets a job on a relief scheme in a quarry or on the roads, receiving 1s. less than the minimum agricultural worker's wage, which means 29s. or 27s. a week.

When this happens, expenditure on anything other than absolute essentials must be cut right out. Although wheat is growing in the fields and bullocks and cows are grazing in the meadows, the family must go short in bread and meat and milk.

Bleak lives

When old age comes, or illness strikes down the breadwinner, the struggle to exist becomes almost impossible.

I know of one man in East Anglia—a permanent invalid, whose sister takes care of him. Except for a few vegetables, which she gets from a little plot of land, their fare is frugal indeed. They scarcely ever taste meat or butter or cheese.

Sometimes the woman succeeds in getting a seasonal job, picking fruit or working in the sugar-beet fields. She has to walk miles to her work and her pay at the end of an arduous week amounts to a few shillings—a wretched existence of constant struggle and anxiety.

The life of the village is narrow and cramped.

The 'buses have made a difference, but there is little to spend on the fare into town or a visit to the kinema.

One is not surprised to find young folk, particularly the young men, leaving the villages. There are villages where it is difficult to find a young man. Those that do remain are, in many of the remoter villages, of the simple, unenterprising type.

Dismal homes

Housing and sanitation are bad. I know villages where there is no public sanitary service. It is common to find no water supply. Sometimes the water has to be carried long distances in pails.

Most of the old cottages are unhealthy. The rooms are dark, low and stuffy; the window space is not much more than a slit in the wall.

Leaking roofs and crumbling walls are common, and although there are some good new housing schemes it is difficult for an agricultural labourer to pay the rent demanded.

And in the heart of the country, too, you will find houses with no gardens or allotments.

Wherever I enquire about unemployment I find that the rationalisation of agriculture—the coming of the machine, new scientific processes, and economy in allocation of labour—is causing extensive dismissals.

Rationalisation has not yet gone so far in agriculture as in industry, but it is certain to proceed, and, as it does, less labour will be required.

I wonder as I hear the stories of dismissals whether the schemes of agricultural recovery which are being advocated will more than absorb the number of men who are being discharged.

I have had some illuminating talks with a friend who edits the *Land Worker*. A young man, of scientific mind, he bases his views on facts as they reach him from all parts of the country. He does not start with certain theories and then bend his information to fit them. I find that he has reached conclusions which challenge many of the accepted views.

He challenges, for instance, the view that agriculture is a decaying industry. According to him, the output from the farms of England and Wales is no less to-day than it was twenty-five years ago.

The value of the actual production is approximately £200,000,000, which, allowing for the changes in farming price levels, is, roughly, the same as in 1908.

Although one may notice fields everywhere that have gone out of cultivation, my friend assures me that this does not mean that production has decreased—only that it has changed.

What is happening is that more income is being obtained from livestock and livestock products and less from farm crops.

The stories of "decline" are really a narrative of a change-over in the leading types of farming. It is the areas which have mainly relied on wheat and barley growing that have felt the full effects of the low cereal prices—East Anglia, for example. The new emphasis in farming practice is therefore not on grain production, but on livestock production.

I have asked the same friend whether he thinks that British agriculture can still be developed so as to absorb some of the hopeless unemployed from the towns, but he sees little hope of this.

Farmers, he points out, are using more machinery; they are employing new scientific methods and they are taking care not to waste labour. As my friend puts it, "Farming cannot be expected to act as the sink of the industrial unemployed."

The visions of 250,000 more men on the land, as seen by some land-bound enthusiasts, are unlikely to be realised.

Hunger's blot

The Agricultural Workers' Union is the only organisation which has attempted to investigate the extent of unemployment on the land. Two years ago it was estimated that there were 30,000 unemployed, and this figure is thought to have risen considerably since then.

* * *

I think back upon my days in the country; those woods and meadows, those rivers and streams, those churches and grouped farm buildings and ivy-covered cottages.

Britain is beautiful—but even where Britain is most beautiful there is still hunger.

The land is beautiful, but the lives of its workers—despite their courage and cheerfulness—are too often unlovely, bleak, hopeless

SWORN STATEMENT

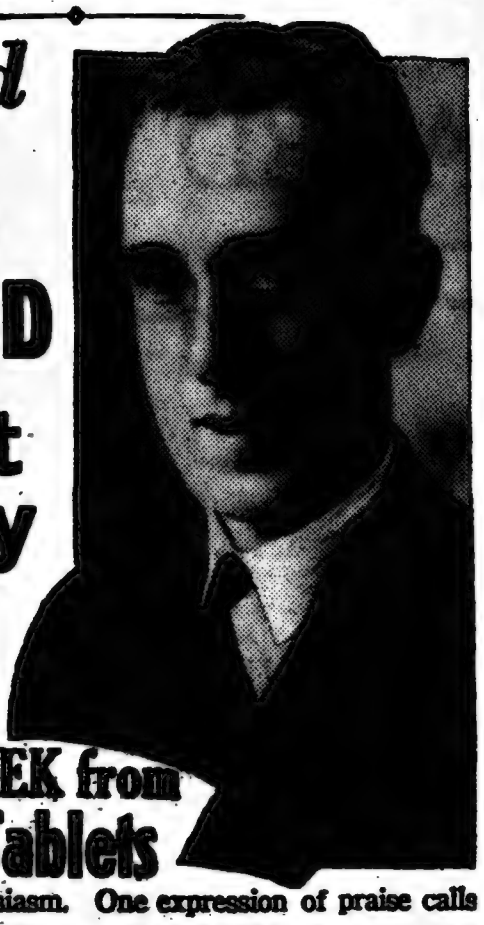
Changed

FROM A

SEMI-INVALID

TO A

Robust Healthy Man



BENEFIT WITHIN A WEEK from Dr. Cassell Tablets

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. One expression of praise calls forth another.

Since the publication of the sworn statement of Mr. Pyke of Barnet many more people have come forward equally as ready to swear upon oath as to the wonderful benefit they have derived from Dr. Cassell Tablets.

Notable among these is Mr. Johnson of Walworth whose health experience is of vital interest to every ailing man and woman.

"I have even more cause to thank Dr. Cassell Tablets" says Mr. Johnson.

Here is his sworn statement.

"I **THOMAS JOHNSON** of Walworth in the County of London, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

I am fully convinced that had it not been for the remarkable health-building and restoring powers of Dr. Cassell Tablets I should now be a confirmed invalid.

ABOUT a year ago I felt so ill that I thought I should never be well again. I tried numerous ways to restore my health but only became worse.

I wondered if it was possible for anybody to suffer as I did.

WITHIN a week of commencing to take Dr. Cassell Tablets I felt my health returning. They gave me energy and endurance, improved my digestion, restored my appetite, rebuilt my strength and brightened my spirits. They changed me from a semi-invalid to a robust, healthy man.

Dr. Cassell Tablets, and Dr. Cassell Tablets alone, were responsible for my return to health. During the past year I have never felt so well in my life! MY deep gratitude and desire that all other sufferers should be convinced as to the amazing powers of Dr. Cassell Tablets, alone prompts me to make this sworn statement.

AND I make this Solemn Declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act 1835.

DECLARED at 18 Fleet Street.
in the City of London this
25th day of July
1932. Before me.

Thomas Johnson

A Commissioner for Oaths.

1/3 & 3/-

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 Bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

Dr. Cassell Tablets

ALL OTHER VALUES SMASHED!!

50% OFF!

HUGE LIQUIDATION

BOLSOMS' SENSATIONAL PURCHASE OF BALES ENORMOUS STOCKS has provided an outstanding opportunity for the thrifty purchaser to secure astounding bargains at ruthlessly reduced prices. Never before, in the history of furniture trading, has it been possible to secure high-grade furniture at such ridiculously low prices. Make sure of your bargains—POST YOUR ORDER AT ONCE !—OR CALL. ALL ORDERS WILL BE DELIVERED FREE IN GREATER LONDON AREA.

£4.4 Settee-Bed in Tapestry

REDUCED FROM 8 GNS.

£2.2

No. 701X. A luxuriously appointed **SETTEE** that is easily converted into a full-size double bed, 72 x 52 ins. Upholstered in heavy quality Tapestry of pleasing modern design in Brown, Blue, Dark Green and Old Gold. 24 Coil Springs in seat. **84/-**

Part cost of Packing and Carriage 5/- extra.

EASY CHAIRS to match, with sprung edge seats can be supplied at **£2.2** each.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE
Post Free on request.

OAK GRAMO' CABINET

No. 878. A handy and compact Record Cabinet of fine workmanship and neat design. Thoroughly well made in selected ruished Oak and fitted with 2 shelves and 2 side flaps. Polished light Brown. Size 2 ft. 6 ins. high, 18 ins. wide and 14 ins. deep. 32ins. wide with flaps extended. **20/-**

Usual Price 39/6.
Part Cost Carr. and Pk. 2/6 extra.

£4.10

Part Carr. & Packing 5/- extra.

OAK BEDROOM SUITE

No. 681. A soundly built 4 ft. 6 in. **SUITE** in solid nicely grained Oak, polished a rich medium Brown, and well finished throughout. The **WARDROBE** is fitted with nickel-plated hanger rail and hooks and stands 6 ft. high. The greatest value for money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

WARDROBE sold separately at **40/-**. Toilet Pair only **50/-**

COMBINATION OAK BED & SPRAL SPRING.

No. 22192. Solid Oak **SPIRAL SPRING BEDSTEAD.** Strongly built Oak 3 ft. **BEDSTEAD** with 1 in. solid Oak panels and fitted with castors on legs. Fitted with spiral spring Mattress.

Usually 40/- **20/-**

OVERLAY MATTRESS SET.

Flock filled box-edged **MATTRESS** with piped seams. **Bolster** and feather filled **Pillow** in the best English Ticking. **20/-**

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra. extra.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED
Full particulars on application.

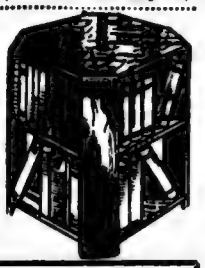
CHILD'S COT.

OVERLAY & MATTRESS

No. 2182. Sturdily constructed folding Cot of stout selected wood, stained, polished and fitted with strong wire mattress and well-filled overlay in strongly sewn cover. One side can be dropped when necessary, and the whole cot is easily fitted up or taken down. Mounted on castors. Size 4ft. long x 2ft. wide. Height about 2ft. 10ins. **20/-**

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra. Usual Price 40/-

FIGURED OAK BOOK TABLE



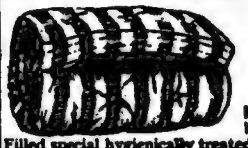
No. B.F.53. Latest modern design. Soundly constructed of Figured Oak with highly polished table top. Two large shelves provide ample space for books. Height 20 ins., Top 16 ins. square. **10/-**

Usually 19/6.
Part cost of Packing and Carriage 1/9 extra.

TWO SPECIAL OFFERS

4 ft. or 6 ft. 6 in. MATTRESS

Filled **LINSEY WOOL** **10/-**

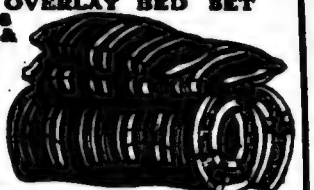


No. 888. Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated high grade Linsey wool. Will give years of lasting and satisfactory service. Usually 22/-

Part cost of Packing and Carriage 1/9 extra.

3 ft. OVERLAY BED SET

MATTRESS BOLSTER & PILLOW **10/-**



No. 7868D. Single Bed size 3ft. x 6ft. 4 ins. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. Superior quality Tick and Govt. standard filling. Usually 19/6. *Carriage 1/9 extra.*

IMPORTANT

POST ORDERS should be addressed to Bolsoms', Dept. S, 60-66, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Do not forget to add Carriage and Packing Charges when sending remittance and Cheques, Money Orders and P.O.s should be crossed. Treasury Notes should be registered. GOODS ARE SENT CARRIAGE FORWARD ONLY to Scotland, Ireland and addresses of the mainland. WE MAKE FREE DELIVERY IN THE GREATER LONDON AREA.

BOLSOMS'

60 OXFORD ST. LONDON.W.1.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Close Saturday 1 p.m.

40-44 STRAND LONDON.W.C.2.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. All day Saturday to 9 p.m. Close Thursday 1 p.m.

AND AT 58, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

SMOKE THAT COLD AWAY!

Of all the ways of curing a cough or cold, there's nothing so good as a cigarette made of certain curative herbs. As you inhale it, the warm, healing vapours penetrate to every tiny nook and crevice of your breathing organs, soothing the inflamed membranes and routing out the infection from the corners where it lurks.

No other form of medicine can reach these recesses so well. It may bring temporary relief, but if the infection remains the cold will come back. That's why Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes not only cure coughs and colds quickly, but cure them permanently, too, because the healing smoke actually gets to the root of the infection.

If you've a cold or cough, go to any chemist to-day and get a packet of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. Avoid any imitation, for Dr. Blosser's are much the most effective, and, besides, Dr. Blosser's contain no tobacco or habit-forming drugs.

Send a card to-day for a sample packet of four cigarettes to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 N.C.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

SAFE RELIEF from NERVE PAINS

Pain vanishes with "DAISY." But "DAISY'S" quick relief is SAFE too. Containing NO injurious drugs, "DAISY" does not depress nor affect the heart or digestion. "I lay great stress both on its efficiency and safety," writes a doctor. Take "DAISY" for Headache, Neuralgia, Tic, Rheumatism and Women's Pains.

DAISY

DAISY POWDERS 24 cash 6 for 7½. DAISY brand TABLETS 6d. per tube.

Daisy, Ltd., Horsforth, Leeds.

THE "BIG TWO"

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.,

Complete Sportsmen's Service.

RACING

Letter Commissions are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

If your Commission bears a time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price or Totalisator Odds as desired.

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

Long Odds Commissions received before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at time of posting.

THE "CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS

The "CHALLENGER" Football Lists are still the best. They comprise all the matches in the six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues.

Fourteen Lists to choose from, with nothing barred and nothing starred in six, five, and four Divisions.

Send your name for our mailing list, and we will send you particulars of our astounding offer of beautiful Macclesfield Ties FREE in Football Club Colours.

DAVID COPE & A. H. MAURICE LTD., 227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2. THE BIG TWO

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Most HATED People

THE man I hate most is the self-made man. I hate him because he is arrogant, conceited, a bully, and, more often than not, a toady to his social superiors.

His constant aim in life is to impress the underdog. On his face is the continual smirk of self-satisfaction which is so galling to the rest of the world.

Three classes of people I abhor—the vulgar, the ignorant and the obstinate. These three rolled into one, being the make-up of the self-made man, cause him to be the man I most despise.—*G. W., York.*

Pin-Money Girls

I have a very strong dislike to the pin-money girl, who is at present ruining the livelihoods of many a working-class girl.

She goes to work fashionably dressed, and always has some snobbish remark to pass about those less fortunate than herself. She never stops to think that she is taking away the money that some poor working girl wants for bread.

Against her I am up in arms, and something should be done to protect working girls from this pest, of which there are far too many in our cities to-day, both married and single.—*Shorthand Typist, Sherwood.*

Human Vultures

The most hateful man is the blackmailer who preys on people with a guilty past, those who are trying to live down their indiscretions, caused perhaps through no fault of their own.

With the fear of discovery, these human vultures bleed their victims dry of money.

This pest of humanity should be wiped out, for the fear of discovery often leads to the victim taking his or her life.—*E. Durkin, Middlesex.*

Sure Cure

The man I have often heard say, when referring to the unemployed, "They don't want work."

Of all contemptible cads this man heads the list. It makes my blood boil when I see him—well clothed, well fed, and well pleased with himself—smile as someone refers to the hardships of the unemployed.

I should like to see him unemployed for about twelve months, and when he is half-starved and half-clothed, told that he doesn't want work. That would cure him.—*Beta, York.*

Wallowers

The pessimists, the misery-mongers, who not only kill joy, but kill ambition, strangle hope, and by their depressing influence do more to spread an epidemic of sickness than ever infection does.

They would rather see a black cloud than the sunshine any day; rather hear pitiful wailing than children's laughter.

If possible, they should be shunned and given a wide berth; if not, laugh at them, and let them see that, even if they like to wallow in a slough of despond, others prefer a brighter, cleaner atmosphere.—*A. E. C., Brighton.*

Twice Hit

I was twenty-two years old, with a baby girl, when my husband deserted me twelve years ago. His whereabouts are still unknown to me.

I hate him because he is a barrier between my plans for the future of my daughter and myself.

I have met an old sweetheart who offers me all the things a woman craves for in life—a home, love and peace—while all the time I can just go on hating one and loving the other half-heartedly, when I could be a happy wife and mother.—*E. M. B., Durham.*

Helps Himself

He wears a greasy bowler hat on his head and an unctuous grin on his face.

Decent honest folk who have fallen on evil days go to him for help, and in helping them he helps himself, liberally. Widows in distress through the death of a beloved breadwinner are his speciality.

He is a ghoul—in other words, a usurious moneylender. I hate him, and—well, who doesn't?—*S. Knight, Bootle.*

No Cripples

Returning home from the Great War a cripple, I sought employment with my old firm, where I had worked six years before I enlisted.

I asked to see the manager, who received me with a cold look and asked what I wanted. When I told him of my quest, he said, showing me to the door, "We want strong men, not cripples."

How could anyone but hate a man who talked like that to a wounded soldier?—*D. H. Kent, London.*

The Other Woman

SHE is cool and efficient; her voice is pleasant and well-modulated; she never makes a mistake—a very paragon among women!

And she sits by HIS side, day after day. She helps him, receives his smile of thanks for a job well done; shares his confidences. . . .

I can't help hating her—the woman who seems to mean more than I mean to my husband—his typist.—*A. M. E., Sudbury.*

A Model?

The man next door raises my ire. Why? Because he never has to be told the lawn wants rolling; he doesn't romp with the dog in the garden, disgusting the neighbours; he wouldn't sit in the house without a collar; nor would he go to the club and spend hours and hours (quite half an hour, anyway) with low fellows who seem to live there, neglecting their wives.

No! At least my wife tells me he wouldn't. I hate him. Do I? No, after all, I can't hate an object of contempt and pity.—*A. G., Yardley.*

Glories in Sadness

The woman whose sole topic of conversation is sickness, operations and sudden deaths.

Eagerly she notices if I have a cold. Needless to say, she has been "awful bad" since last we met. It was rheumatism, or maybe neuralgia, or her bad leg.

Once started, she glories in sad stories, and spares no harrowing details. Mrs. Jones' big operation, Mr. Smith's cancer, Mrs. Brown's daughter's mother-in-law's cataract, and that terrible accident, etc.

Nothing stops her. I go away feeling that life's a miserable affair and death the only release.—*R. C., Ruthergien*

All-Round Torture

The worst type of man is the bandit, because of his cruel kidnapping of men, women, and even little innocent children. Some of these are held captives for months and sometimes never heard of again.

Night and morning the bandit warns them by torture that unless a ransom is paid it will be death.

The more I read of the bandit the more I hate him for his torturing and the great pain he causes to friends and relatives.—*E. Thomas, Glam.*

* * *

The woman who "speaks her mind." As she generally says unpleasant things it follows that she must have an unpleasant one.—*W. L., Goodmayes.*

The landlady who said, "You cannot stop with me," when my wife was going to have her baby.—*T. P., Aldershot.*

The woman who has a job and has a husband also in regular employment.—*L. A. Wheeler, Swindon.*

OUR EXPERT'S FORECASTS

Football Selections for October 29

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) DERBY v. Huddersfield.
(2) W. B. ALBION v. Aston Villa.
(3) SUNDERLAND v. Bolton.
*(4) ARSENAL v. Leicester.
(5) BIRMINGHAM v. Middlesbro'.
(6) BLACKBURN v. Sheffield U.
(7) Blackpool v. CHELSEA.
(8) EVERTON v. Portsmouth.
*(9) LEEDS v. Wolverhampton.
(10) Manchester C. v. LIVERPOOL.
(11) WEDNESDAY v. Newcastle.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) MILLWALL v. Hotspur.
(2) SWANSEA v Charlton.
**(3) BRADFORD C. v. Forest.
(4) WEST HAM v. Burnley.
(5) Bury v. Oldham.
(6) Chesterfield v. PLYMOUTH.
(7) FULHAM v. Bradford.
(8) LINCOLN v. Preston.
(9) Notts County v. STOKE.
*(10) PORT VALE v. Manchester U.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Grimsby.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) TORQUAY v. Gillingham.
(2) Boscumbe v. Norwich.
(3) COVENTRY v. Southend.
(4) BRENTFORD v. C. Palace.
**(5) BRISTOL C. v. Q. P. Rangers.
(6) Orient v. Bristol Rovers.
(7) EXETER v. Watford.
(8) LUTON v. Cardiff.
(9) Newport v. READING.
(10) NORTHAMPTON v. Aldershot.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Tranmere v. Barrow.
*(2) WREXHAM v. Carlisle.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Accrington.
*(4) WALSALL v. York.
(5) Darlington v. SOUTHPORT.
(6) DONCASTER v. Mansfield.
(7) GATESHEAD v. Crewe.
(8) Halifax v. Chester.
(9) HARTLEPOOLS v. N. Brighton.
(10) HULL v. Rotherham.
**(11) STOCKPORT v. Rochdale.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Partick.
**(2) THIRD LANARK v. E. Stirling.
(3) ABERDEEN v. Hamilton.
(4) AYR v. Cowdenbeath.
(5) Clyde v. Queen's Park.
(6) DUNDEE v. Airdree.
(7) Falkirk v. HEARTS.
**(8) RANGERS v. Kilmarnock.
(9) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Morton.
(10) ST. MIRREN v. Celtic.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*A*); Scottish League—2 (*H*) would indicate Arsenal, Bradford City, Reading and Third Lanark.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 150 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter" or "Shorts," Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, November 1.

What I Owe to Children

TO RHEUMATIC AND KIDNEY SUFFERERS

Chemical analysis and the microscope prove conclusively that Rheumatism, Kidney and Stomach disorders, Backache, etc., are directly caused by acids, germs, and other impurities in the blood.

It is universally admitted that a large proportion of all ills and weaknesses—from tuberculosis to a common cold—are directly due to toxins, germs, acids, or other impurities in the blood. For instance, uric acid causes rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, etc., whereas stomach acids cause dyspepsia. "Trying to get rid of the ailments without purifying the blood is merely wasting time," says a high medical authority. When diseases reach an advanced stage, physicians combat the poisons by inoculation, but the better way is to act before this becomes necessary. If you purify the blood by stimulating the liver, flushing the kidneys, and thoroughly washing out the intestines, there will be no breeding places from which disease germs can be absorbed into the blood. Prove for yourself the truth of this by drinking before breakfast a glass of alkaline medicinal water prepared by adding to a glass of cold water a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates,' which is obtainable at little cost from any chemist. This produces a refreshing tonic-aperient drink that will soon neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities and flush the kidneys. Repeat this treatment for two or three days and see how quickly your pains and ailments disappear as a plainly noticeable improvement in your health, vitality and disease-resisting power takes place.

WHO LIKES WINTER?

Don't all speak at once!

There are quite a number of people who will tell you that they actually *like* the wintertime. They talk of its long cosy evenings. They say that a nip in the air puts a new spring in their step. And they would have you believe that they are rather fine sturdy fellows.

As a matter of fact there is quite a lot to be said for such an attitude. But even the hardiest of people are liable to occasional winter ailments. And that is why I want to recommend to every reader of this article an amazing little book which I have just been reading.

It is almost a complete guide to winter health. And it answers a great many questions with which you may be faced during the coming months. For instance:—

What is the best cure for cold sores on the lips?

What is the best way of preventing influenza?

What is the best treatment for eyes which have become tired and inflamed through driving in a cold wind?

What is the best way of relieving the pain and irritation of chilblains?

What is the surest cure for a sore throat?

These are things worth knowing! And so I suggest that some time in the next day or two you get hold of a copy of the book and study it and keep it by you. It is called "154 Ways to Use Milton," and is supplied free with every bottle of that preparation.

Milton costs sixpence.

UNRIVALLED VALUE

For over 40 years the Graves Organisation has been firmly established as headquarters for Quality and Value and Ladies will find that our newest Fashion Display affords them an unequalled opportunity for purchasing wisely and well.

A.F.16 Produced in a fine grade Beaver Coney of beautiful lustre and handsome finish in a tasteful shade of Dark Brown. Modelled in the latest fashion with a large two-way roll collar & melon-shaped cuffs. Splendidly lined throughout. Bust: 34in. Length: 44in. Price **95/-** TERMS: 12/- MONTHLY

A.F.17 Well tailored in All Wool Plain Velour with broad over-laid pleat back down back, all-round belt, new style cuffs, Art Silk Twill lining, and a charming Natrix Lamb collar to tone. Emerald, Fawn, Lido, Cherry, Brown, Navy, Black. Busts: 32, 34, 36in. Lengths: 40 to 46in. **38/6** TERMS: 8/- MONTHLY

A.F.18 Graceful Dress in super quality plain Calanese Crêpe Back Satin with cowl collar in front and bow from shoulders at the back with diamante buckle. In Ivory, Lemon, Geranium, Pink, Lapis, and Black. Busts: 32, 34, and 36in. Lengths: 47 to 52in. Price **56/6** TERMS: 4/6 MONTHLY

PATTERNS POST FREE.

We offer amazing value in Ladies' Robes, Coats Costumes, Dance Frocks, Furs, Underwear, and Maids' and Children's dress. In your own interest write now stating the style of garment you require, and a full range of actual materials will be sent you per return, together with self measurement form & all necessary information.

J.G. GRAVES LTD SHEFFIELD

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

STEAD Razor Blades

In Wallets of 7 blades for 6d

Stead Blades give you more shaves at less cost because supplied in a Wallet—a blade for each day of the week. This gives each blade a week's rest which makes its edge remain as keen as new for months.

ALL BRITISH

GRAVES 'ARIEL' 2-VALVE RADIO

Here is the most marvellous Radio Offer, and it could not have been made a moment sooner. This wonderful bargain brings Radio pleasures into every decent home in the land.

6/- NOW

THE GRAVES 'ARIEL' Set is a triumph of quality and value. Self contained in one cabinet of lovely polished Oak, 15½ x 13½ x 10in, every component of the highest class. All-Steel Chassis, Ferranti Transformer, Utility Condenser, Partrix H.T. and L.T. Batteries, latest type Mullard Valves. Made under Marconi Licence & designed to give the most natural and satisfactory reception of B.B.C. programmes and Foreign Stations within its range.

This is your finest chance to get such a completely perfect set on terms of payment which you can easily afford. Our full price, with Aerial Outfit, Carriage Paid, is only £4.16.0.

DO NOT BE MISLED; there is no extra charge for easy terms of 6/- per month; 1/6 per week, paid monthly, makes you the satisfied owner of the 'Ariel' 2-Valve Set, and ensures you and your family thousands of hours of pleasure and instruction.

THERE ARE NO SNAGS—This is a straightforward offer from a firm with 40 years' reputation for honourable dealing and Mr. Graves gives you his personal assurance of full satisfaction.

CATALOGUE POST FREE, with full particulars of 'ARIEL' and other Battery and All-Mains Sets; also Radio Grams. All at the keenest prices and on easy terms of payment.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

CORNS

Corns are old-fashioned. Get rid of them the new way. Ask your chemist for Peter Pan Corn Caps. Ninepence cures 6 corns.

A. de St. Dalmas & Co., Ltd., Leicester.

Is Your Future Financially Secure?

Fill in the Coupon in the Pearl Assurance Co.'s Advt. on page 14 for particulars of their Endowment and Life Policies.

Think it over, man!

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" does show many unusual ways of carving out a successful career in Engineering—chances that otherwise would be missed. Can you, can any man with a thought for his future, neglect learning of these chances. Think it over, man. Can you?

MAKE IT WISE COUNSEL. Send for your copy of "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" to-day, free and without obligation. Among its 250 pages "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" gives details of all Examinations, (A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., G.P.O., etc.), outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio and "Talkie" Engineering, and explains the activities of our Employment Department. Do not delay. Send a postcard at once. There is no charge.

British Institute of Engineering Technology, 56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, Oxford Street, London.

What A Wonderful SKIN TREATMENT is Germolene

Brand Ointment

Look Here:—

IF you have been desperately trying to cure horrid skin trouble with old-fashioned methods, GERMOLENE *ASEPTIC* OINTMENT—Modern as the Minute! will change your whole idea of what an ointment should do. NO WAITING days, weeks, months, in the *hope* of getting cured *someday* . . . GERMOLENE Ointment *starts* its cure by *stopping* awful Pain and Itching, for good, in the *First Minute!* NO BURNING or SMARTING; instead GERMOLENE'S scientific ASEPTIC Action painlessly, harmlessly *pushes out all* the germs and poison. And NO SCARS—GERMOLENE'S special skin-and-tissue-forming ingredients are so powerful that you get World's-record healing—without ever leaving a scar!

Germolene heals ULCER!

Ointment

"Five Months ago I grazed the skin off my leg, which developed into a very nasty ULCER. I tried several so-called remedies without success; then I decided on Germolene Ointment. After ONE BOX, I am pleased to say, it is QUITE HEALED!"—I. Gell, 19, Slate Street, Heeley Bank, Sheffield.

Unique ASEPTIC action

1. Soothes at a touch; starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.
2. Gently EJECTS germs and Poisons; never burning them out.
3. Heals the worst wound in record time without scars!

Get— Germolene *Brand*

ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-

Soothes At A Touch

for

CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, RASH, ECZEMA, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, Etc., Etc.

HUGE 2 IN 1 PRIZE FOR JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING X-WORD

£10 A WEEK FOR LIFE and £800 CASH

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO SEND 2 SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

or INCREASED LUMP SUM of £800

ONE WEEK TO WIN

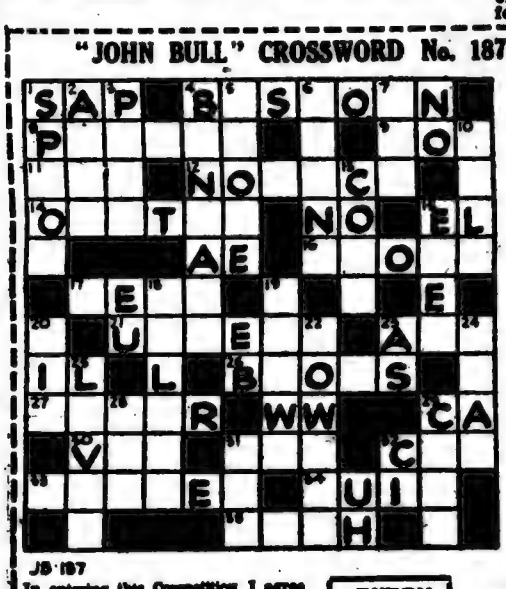
CLOSING NOON THURS NOV. 3

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £800 cash (or a lump sum of £800 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 10th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 17th.

Life is full of problems—but an hour by the fireside this evening with "John Bull's" amusing Crossword can solve them all for you! Your reward for filling up the entertaining squares below may bring you a Life Pension of 30s. a week and a fine cheque for £200.

A further £800 will be divided between Runners-up as announced above, an extra incentive to tackle this puzzle with patience and determination. Be sure your entry is in by Thursday, November 3—and then look out for next week's big offer of Cash and Christmas Hampers!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 187—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 3.



JB·187

JB·187

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value .... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

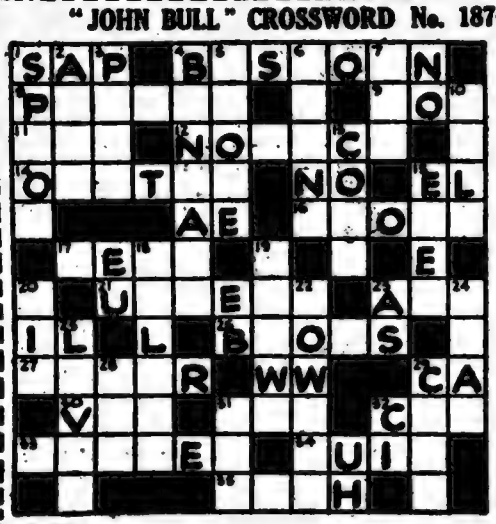
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 187—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 3.



JB·187

JB·187

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value .... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

UNLIMITED BIG XMAS HAMPERS ADDED TO NEXT WEEK'S FINE PRIZES

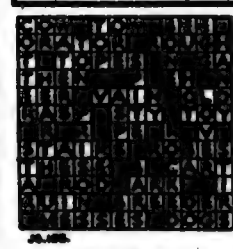
CLUES ACROSS

1. Undermine.
4. Wind instrument with low note.
8. Instruments are, by skilled men.
9. What bandits do.
11. Aged.
12. Not feared by the skilful man.
14. Shellfish now in season.
16. Noise which warns tramp.
17. Describes performance.
21. Attendants in kinema.
23. Part of a circle.
26. Paper commonly goes into these.
27. Not at any time.
30. Compete with.
31. First number.
32. Catches mice.
33. Corn is, when ready for stack.
34. Destroy.
35. What welshers do.

CLUES DOWN

1. Usually points to trickery.
2. One who is allied.
3. Are used for writing on.
4. Under.
5. Love intensely.
6. Some poets put into their verses.
7. Crude mineral.
10. Sometimes announces a sale.
13. Keeps some people's heads above water.
15. A pitcher.
18. Sleeping.
19. Pity the man who wears one.
20. Often made at race-course.
22. Those who scatter seed.
24. Welcomed by destitute man.
25. Commonly seen beside railway track.
28. By way of.
29. Teacher should never resort to.
31. Quaint.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



JB.185.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 185

Winners in 184 on page 2. Result of 183 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 185 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 187, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES AND [illegible]

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out whole entry form whether both puzzle are used or not. Entry fee for two s is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; name and address and date of posting on of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry F send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach not later than NOON, Thursday, November 1932.

2.—No competitor may submit more two Double Entry Forms (four squares). left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or will be disqualified. No responsibility is for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or laid, and no correspondence will be entered

3.—Winner of this contest will appear "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 1932. Should any competitor not announ as a winner have entered a coupon eligible a share of the First Prize he must demand scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 1932, in accordance with directions given result. Any such scrutiny, which may the result, must be accepted as final. scrutiny can be conducted in connection with additional award of £100 to be divided be the Runners-up. Competitors should note errors are computed according to the number words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than share of it. Should First Prize be shared, cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award

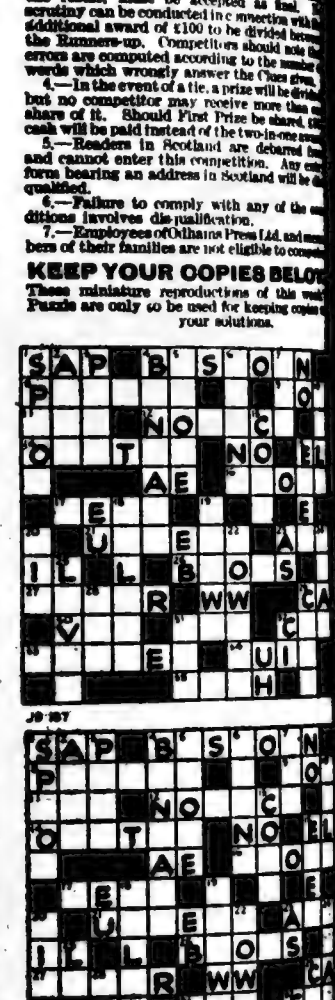
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred and cannot enter this competition. Any form bearing an address in Scotland will be qualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

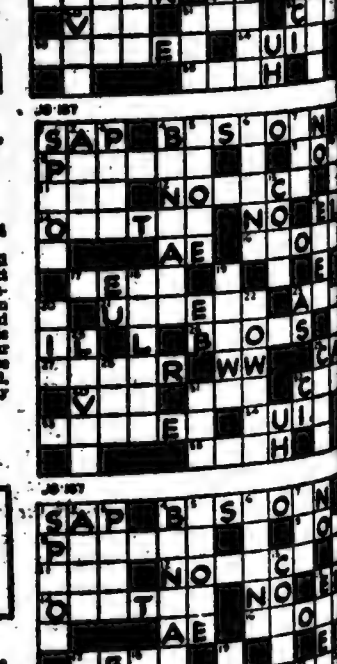
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and bers of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB·187



JB·187

JB·187

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

H. J. (Newmarket).—"Big men make amiable husbands." So do big women.

W. M. (Hull).—"The non-stop craze is spreading." Yes, it seems to have affected your letter writing.

R. O. M. (Maidstone).—"The most attractive girl at our hotel was a banker's daughter." Bet she drew a lot of interest.

F. M. (Leeds).—"I always raise my hat to my superiors." Your arm must ache by the end of the day.

L. T. (Beer).—"Money has always been a great worry to me." But many people would willingly share your worries.

B. M. (Brixton).—"In private life the majority of comedians are not a bit funny." Then when are they?

R. A. (Chelsea).—"A man who boasts seldom goes far." That explains why those cold bath fiends never try to swim the Channel in the winter.

G. H. (London, S.W.).—"A one-time heavyweight was recently charged with fighting in the street." Needless to say, he was acquitted.

PERD (Plymouth).—"I am going to propose to her next week. What do you think will be the outcome?" That depends on your income.

S. E. W. (Gainsborough).—"Your paper can only be appreciated fully by intelligent readers." Yes. We are sorry to lose your subscription.

MRS. J. (Hull).—"I ask you—what do married men wear to indicate that they are married men?" The coat, hat and suit they bought the year before last.

F. S. (Norwich).—"I have crazy paving and crazy quilts, so I thought I would have crazy wallpaper." We can't hang the confounded stuff either!

C. R. (Brentwood).—"If I cannot raise enough money to pay a debt, I shall poison myself. Can you help me?" Sorry; we haven't any poison just now.

H. W. (Bath).—"I don't believe half what my fiancé tells me." Especially when he is praising your looks and intelligence?

C. D. (West Ham).—"I hope you can see the funny side of this letter." We have examined both sides closely and cannot detect the slightest difference.

C. M. (Clacton).—"My neighbour's wife always has the very latest fashion in hats and coats, while my wife has to make hers." See letter below.

T. R. (Clacton).—"How my neighbour can afford to run a car is a mystery to me." See letter above.

P. A. (Bow).—"Unbroken pots of the third century were recently unearthed in Berkshire." Evidently there were no family jars in those days.

E. N. (Bude).—"While I was in the Arctic regions I heard the B.B.C. programmes quite distinctly." A chilly reception?

P. N. (Taunton).—"The Yo-Yo was known to the Romans." Perhaps that is the thing Nero fiddled with during the big fire.

PEACEFUL (Middlesbrough).—"China, if I had my way, would be left severely alone." But for all that your wife still makes you do the washing up?

R. P. (Oundle).—"It's not always vanity that makes a woman stand in front of a mirror." It is not. It's likely to be pure imagination.

F. C. (Hampstead).—"The very thought of travelling by sea or by air makes me feel terribly ill." What an ideal slate club secretary you would make.

PLAYWRIGHT (Chelsea).—"I caught my three-year-old son tearing up the manuscript of my new play." What, can he read already?

C. E. (Ewell).—"It's time somebody invented a temperance drink that will keep." We know houses where a temperance drink will keep for years.

N. C. (St. Albans).—"According to figures just published, the United States have more than eleven million unemployed." So another world's record goes to America.

V. M. S. (Soho).—"I am glad that we are back to normal time again; summer time always delayed my work." What are you, a burglar?

PEN. (Lynton).—"A watchmaker has produced a timepiece made of rubber." No doubt many people will appreciate an alarm clock that bounces back into the room after being flung out of the window.

F. M. (Diss).—"There is a fool in every family." So you are an only child?

O. L. (York).—"What does 'a better half' really mean?" What she says.

W. M. (Clacton).—"What is home without children and a piano?" Peaceful.

V. B. (Salford).—"I know a cube sugar merchant who has made a huge fortune." The result of square dealing.

T. E. D. (Orpington).—"I would like to get a job as ice-rink attendant. How are they paid?" Probably on a sliding scale.

D. L. (Carlisle).—"We should never do any difficult task before breakfast." What about getting up?

A. J. (Dunedin).—"I wonder what the private lives of film stars are like?" They haven't got any.

C. C. (Dalston).—"What does a solicitor make the peculiar charge of 6s. 8d. for?" Almost anything.

E. N. (Langport).—"I have just been reading a very pathetic short story." In your bank book?

A. E. (Jarrow).—"Can women take a joke?" Many of them take one and promise to love, honour and obey it.

MRS. B. (Enfield).—"My husband is a perfect idiot." It must be a consolation to know he is perfect in some way.

D. T. (Margate).—"What does the average young married couple do when they cannot afford to buy a car?" Buy a car.

D. B. (Wick).—"I have discovered a slate quarry on my farm." We suppose you will be going into the coal business now.

AUTHOR (New York).—"I am paid a dollar for every four words of my serial story." The income-tax collector must enjoy reading your stories.

R. F. (Norton).—"There is a shortage of fireworks in this village." But, no doubt, the Catherine wheels will go round.

D. M. (Lerwick).—"I believe that I am a distant relative of yours." And about the right distance, judging from your address.

H. M. (Walworth).—"My chief complaint against prison is that the cells are too small." But you've had several stretches?

B. C. (King's Lynn).—"Mothers find it very difficult to get modern children to believe fairy stories." Fathers are often faced with the same difficulty with modern mothers.

F. D. (Glasgow).—"Japan's exports to China fell off alarmingly during the first half of this year." That bears out our theory that shooting the customers is not a sound commercial policy.

G. R. (Yarmouth).—"He looked me straight in the face for a minute, then his courage failed him and he slunk away." Having seen your photo we can quite believe it.

JOURNALIST (Tooting Bec).—"One of these days I shall be famous and you will regret having refused my articles." Don't worry; by that time we shall all be dead!

D. S. (Ripon).—"I have published a book of verse anonymously." Wise fellow.

M. G. (Northampton).—"Women's feet are getting bigger." So many fill men's shoes nowadays.

F. C. (Dover).—"I proposed to my girl on a starlit night and she accepted me." In a twinkling?

G. T. (Croydon).—"A London night club was raided recently on its opening night." We sincerely hope that this early success won't turn the proprietors' heads.

MODERN GIRL (Dagenham).—"What did our grandmothers have that we haven't?" Hairpins.

MAC. (Dundee).—"Do you not think that modern girls are treacherous sirens?" Hoots, mon!

H. M. (Birkenhead).—"I think stupidity is hereditary." Sh! You should respect your parents.

PATRIOTIC (Lounslow).—"Everybody must remember to buy British fireworks on November 5." And no Roman candles.

W. B. (Fulham).—"Why do I always feel upset when paying my wife's bills?" Because you are losing your balance.

G. M. (Highgate).—"I enclose an article on the milk question." It needs condensing.

S. W. (Birkenhead).—"An Indian conjurer swallows yards of wire rope." That's nothing. We know a man who swallows all the cables he sees in newspapers.

C. H. S. (Dunfermline).—"Which is the best way to pick up a fowl without getting pecked?" By turning to page 39 and entering a good *Bullet*. There are 500 Christmas fowls to be picked up this week, as well as a £300 cheque.

G. H. S. (London, N.W.).—"A Midlands octogenarian claims to have addressed street-corner meetings since he was twenty." It is feared that he will never grow out of it now.

STOCKBROKER (E.C.4).—"Take the man who puts his money into a concern which yields him no return. What is he thinking of?" Smashing the confounded machine open to see if he can't get his shilling back.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

H. M. (Exeter).—"I have been repeatedly told that I bear a resemblance to a well-known character in history." Then don't go out on the Fifth.

TO KEEP FREE OF INDIGESTION.

Freedom from acidity—that is the whole secret of freedom from indigestion, for nearly all stomach troubles are due to excess acid which sets up fermentation and generates painful gases. To obtain relief the excess acidity must be neutralised, and the quickest way of doing this is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. 'Bisurated' Magnesia quickly ends digestive pains and discomfort, soothes the inflamed stomach lining and restores normal, healthy digestion. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1/3, and there is no better remedy for keeping you free from indigestion.

DON'T LET A COUGH TAKE HOLD.

A cough can easily and quickly be banished if action is taken in its early stages. But each day of neglect allows the trouble to take firmer hold, and to inflame more deeply the sensitive throat and chest. To cure a cough, you must destroy the germs, heal the inflammation and clear your breathing-passages. This is just the three-fold action of the ingredients combined in 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. The first half-teaspoonful allays irritation and stops the cough, soothes soreness, cuts and loosens phlegm, and commences the germ-destroying action. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup is obtainable of chemists at 1s. 6d. a bottle; it is unequalled for swiftly banishing "young" coughs, and thoroughly curing those of long standing.

PILES

Make You Feel and Look a Nervous Wreck

At home, in your business, going about in constant, down-dragging pain, no wonder you soon feel and most certainly look nerve-wrecked, weary and old.

Because your trouble is not discussed you get no sympathy, but most probably there are a host of friends who could tell you how they quickly and easily ended a similar ailment. For blind, bleeding, itching, internal or external piles there is nothing like Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. It is a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation.

Because of the unique tube in which Man Zan is sold it is so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, but if you wish for a free test supply (sent in plain wrapper), send name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R17.), Croydon, Surrey.

MANZAN

MADE BY THE PROPRIETORS OF DE WITTS KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

FALSE TEETH NEED MORE THAN A BATH

to keep them Clean and Sweet.

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. A sprinkle of Kolynos Denture Powder, a brisk brush and a good rinse ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains, without damaging or weakening either gold or vulcanite plate. Test it FREE. Send coupon.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

Post this coupon for sample. Use unsealed envelope ½d. stamp.

FREE Trial

Kolynos (Dept. 16), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

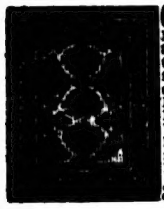
D

Herbs will cure all Your ills

You need never despair of a cure. There is a certain remedy in Nature's Storehouse for every ill from which you suffer.

FREE book packed with valuable herbal prescriptions and recipes which have cured hundreds, and full information on the treatment of ill-health, and the value of simple Herbs — Nature's own Remedy. It is a Home Health Guide, which saves doctors' bills, and enables you to keep healthy and full of vitality—a gold-mine of essential information. Whatever your health trouble, you will find it dealt with here. You need never despair. Write for a copy of this splendid 112-page Book, containing many illustrations and diagrams. It is Free to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1/- per copy.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (Bradford) Ltd. 4, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD



CARPET SQUARES

Rugs, Cork Lino, and Congoleum Squares, etc., in loveliest artistic patterns and colour harmonies, direct from Graves Warehouses at money-saving prices. Delivered Carriage Paid for a small deposit with order. Balance in monthly payments. Write for handsome illustrated catalogue post free, showing all kinds of floor coverings, in actual colours at Bargain Prices and on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Are You Losing Hair—or Bald?

Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the big legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true.

"This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald. My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head.

"I then used Kotalko, and the results have been amazing. My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth which was brought on by the use of Kotalko."

Test-Box Coupon

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53.V.P.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

BENEFIT AFTER OPERATION—

Mrs. KILNER, 77 Carlton Terrace, Carlton, Nr. Barnsley, writes:—"Three years ago I underwent an operation for Gall Stones and Bladder trouble. After 15 weeks in bed, I was exceedingly weak until my daughter came and asked me to try Vitadatio. From the first dose I began to feel it doing me good. I am pleased to say that I feel better now than I ever thought possible. I am now 63 and can enjoy life."

Vitadatio

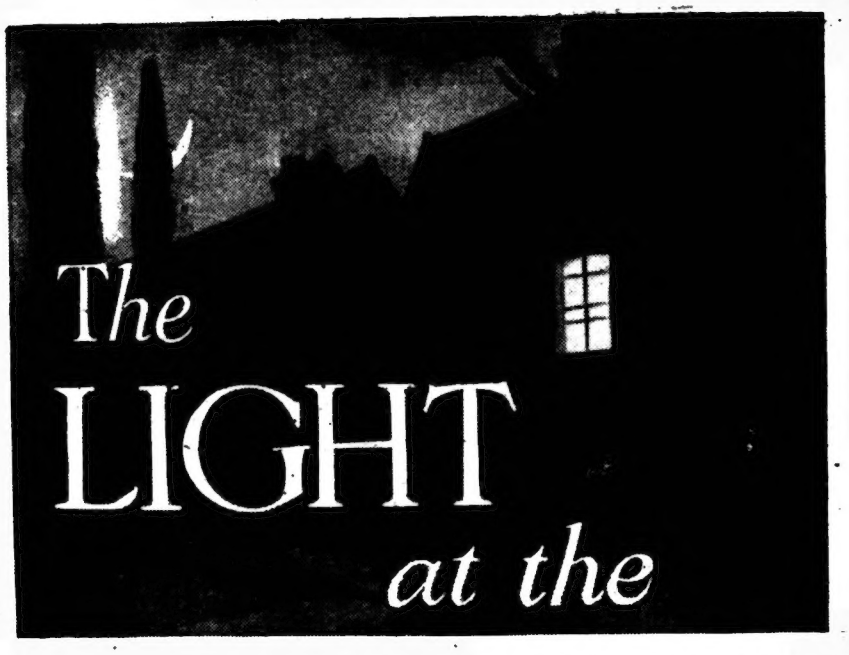
Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments, and Women's Complaints. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores. 5/- and 2/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS. V172

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is built with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, all bright parts Chromium Plated, & full set of Accessories. Bargain Price Complete is £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for £/2 with order & 14 monthly payments of £/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. CATALOGUE of this & other models Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



WINDOW

THERE is a light in the window at "The Elms." After everyone in the street has gone to sleep it still remains to pierce the darkness, a lone sentinel of the night.

A shadow silhouetted against the blind passes to and fro.

The mystery is solved. Behind that blind there is being waged a long and grim battle against sickness. Anxious and wearisome hours are spent by the patient's bedside until one day the light is seen no more. The patient is on the road to recovery.

Did you stop to enquire, you might learn of the part JOHN BULL played in this bedside drama—how, through its Great Free Family Insurance it was able to relieve the family of much anxiety and expense.

A GREAT BOON.

In thousands of cases in the battle against sickness, such as measles, smallpox, diphtheria, JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance has proved an inestimable boon.

A Folkestone reader writes: "Thanks for your cheque paid to me as a registered reader of JOHN BULL and for the courteous and prompt manner in which you dealt with the matter. In answer to your kind enquiry, my wife has fully recovered from the measles."

Expressions of approval such as this could be multiplied almost indefinitely. In times of sickness, JOHN BULL is a friend indeed, just as it is a friend when Fire, Storm, Flood or Accident visits the home.

Have *you* registered? If not, do so now on the coupons below.

OVER 83,000 CHEQUES PAID.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 29/10/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/10/32

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib, Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D
CASH THE COUPONS
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Relief from Indigestion

Some indication of the value of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges for indigestion may be gathered from the opinions quoted below.

DEEP-SEATED INDIGESTION.—"There is one thing I shall always be thankful for—the sample of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges you sent me. Having suffered agonies with deep-seated indigestion since an illness in 1914, it is marvellous how they have benefited me and proved an absolute godsend."

HEARTBURN.—"After a somewhat extended use of them I can truthfully say they have done and are doing me more good than anything else I have tried for Heartburn and general Acidity. They have saved me from a good many sleepless nights."

INDIGESTION AND NEURALGIC PAINS.—"I am glad to tell you that Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges have given relief in even the most severe attacks of indigestion complicated by neuralgic pains in the chest and round the heart. I have never met with any other remedy so completely successful."

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.—"For years I have been a sufferer from gastritis and acute dyspepsia, attending doctors and taking most things advertised, but have found nothing so effective and curing as your lozenges." Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

To Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1. Please send me a FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Jenner's ABSORBENT LOZENGES Brand of Digestive Tablets.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B., 22/10/32. .....

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE of "ELLIMAN'S" EMBROCATION

the World's greatest Embrocation (invaluable for Rheumatism sufferers, muscular troubles, athletes, etc.) is offered to every reader of "John Bull" on p. 29. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing. With each sample will be sent

Also an entirely FREE Copy of ELLIMAN'S "A.A.A." Reference BOOK

an invaluable First-Aid, Physical Fitness and Pain-Relief Reference Book which no home can afford to be without. Take advantage of this wonderful double free offer now, while you think of it.

SIMPLY FILL IN THE COUPON ON P. 29

AUTOMATIC DELIVERY

One-at-a-time; one paper releases the next in the patent ZIG-ZAG packing. Rolling with ZIG-ZAG saves 3½d. in the shilling.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

CURED

Banish Catarrh at once! Nostroline Nasal Specific gives instant Relief. Clears head, stops discharge, soothes soreness. Safe for young and old. Splendid for Head Colds, deafness and stuffiness. Chemists 1/3 and 3/-

Free Sample from "Nostroline," J. 5 Chilton, Bristol

'NOSTROLINE'

Get 'Puritan Salts' for Rheumatism, 6d., at Chemists

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE

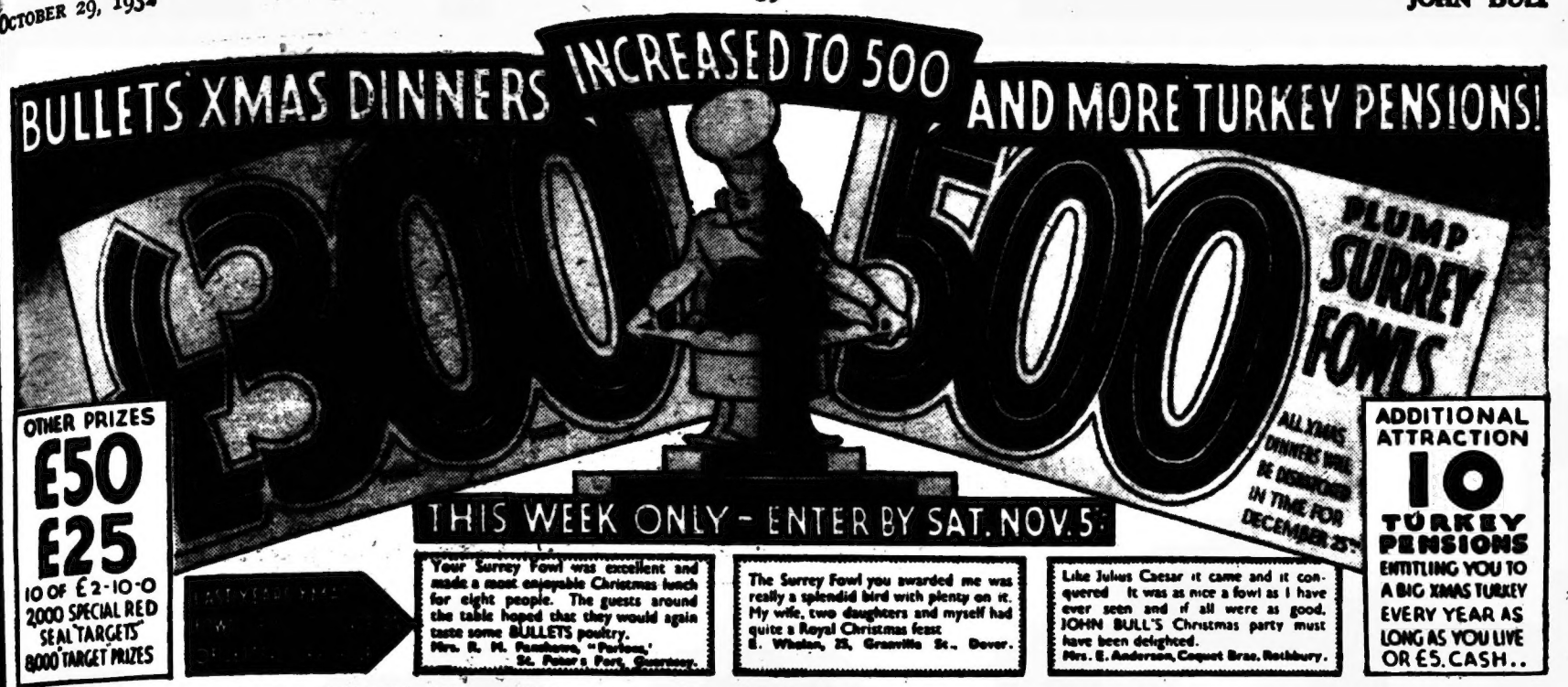
In lovely Oak-finished cabinet, as illustrated, 31 x 17½ x 18½in. fitted with worm drive motor, extra large internal sound horn, and super-sensitive reproducer. Complete with 40 brilliant selections (20 half-Crown records) £5.12.6. Terms: 7/6 now and 7/6 monthly. 7/6 now

CATALOGUE POST FREE, Portables, easy terms. Pedestals. Keenest prices, easy terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

A FREE GIFT OFFER

Turn to the "Harlene" Free Gift Offer on the Back Cover. A set of preparations is offered free to "John Bull" Readers. Simply send the coupon and attach necessary postage.


BULLETS XMAS DINNERS INCREASED TO 500 AND MORE TURKEY PENSIONS!
£500
PLUMP SURREY FOWLS
ALL XMAS DINNERS WILL BE DESPATCHED IN TIME FOR DECEMBER 25th
THIS WEEK ONLY - ENTER BY SAT. NOV. 5
OTHER PRIZES
£50
£25
10 OF £2-10-0
2000 SPECIAL RED SEAL TARGETS
8000 TARGET PRIZES
Your Surrey Fowl was excellent and made a most enjoyable Christmas lunch for eight people. The guests around the table hoped that they would again taste some BULLETS poultry.
Mrs. R. M. Pemberton, "Parlous," St. Peter's Port, Guernsey.
The Surrey Fowl you awarded me was really a splendid bird with plenty on it. My wife, two daughters and myself had quite a Royal Christmas feast.
E. Whelan, 23, Granville St., Dover.
Like Julius Caesar it came and it conquered. It was as nice a fowl as I have ever seen and if all were as good, JOHN BULL'S Christmas party must have been delighted.
Mrs. E. Anderson, Coquet Brae, Rothbury.
ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION
10
TURKEY PENSIONS
ENTITLING YOU TO A BIG XMAS TURKEY EVERY YEAR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE OR £5. CASH..

510 MORE CHRISTMAS INVITATIONS THIS WEEK.

WHEN the *Bullets* for this week's increased offer have been judged, no fewer than 510 entrants will receive invitations to JOHN BULL'S giant Christmas Party.

As you aim at the substantial First of £300 and the other big cheques which head this prize-list, you will be competing also for a place amongst the second batch of "Turkey Pensioners" who, each Christmas as long as they live, will line off one of JOHN BULL'S famous *Bullets* Turkeys.

Other cheques follow these unique Christmas prizes, and then comes a staggering array of 500 plump Surrey Fowls—a consignment of over a ton of merry Christmases for senders of good *Bullets!*

To make a *Bullet* you simply have to select any of the *Examples* and add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* TO HELP BRITANNIA, the added words GENEVA PRESCRIBES "REDUCING SALTS" would complete a *Bullet*.

To help you breathe that *Bullets* atmosphere and get into the frame of mind which helps you to see original points of view when tackling the *Examples*, study carefully the good points of the winning efforts printed this week. Then get busy with your own *Bullets*, remembering that your entry *must* be in by Saturday, November 5.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 867.

£1 A WEEK FOR LIFE, £500 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE.

Mr. T. R. W. CROFT, 5, Holroyd Avenue, Tanghall Estate, York.
Example:—THE PLODDER
Bullet:—GAVE SON "FLYING" START.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. S. J. SMITH, 242, Battersea Park Road, London, S.W.
Example:—Best Of The Bunch
Bullet:—"Rusted" On Parents' "Chain."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. M. FRASER, 89, Middlefield Terrace, Aberdeen.
Example:—Naughty Child.
Bullet:—Your "View"—"Picture" Hit!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

T. AUSTIN, 12, Rhiwbina Road, Rhiwbina, Cardiff.
On The Front Page—Parents' "Title"—"Story's" Yours.

CARTER, Trethill, Hayle.
Piece Of Orange-peel—Urchin Placed—Scout Removed.

COOK, 5, Granby Street, Liverpool.
The Cook's Gone And—Dad's Slimming—Dog's Pattening.

GAIR, 9, Jesmond Vale Terrace, Heaton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Tangled Skein Life—Or Divine "Sampler"?

N. O'DOWD, 23, Bankhouse Lane, Salterhebble, Halifax.
Solemnly—Betting Commissioners Examining Pin!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. OGDEN, 13, Station Street, Springhead, Piece Of Orange-peel—And Tax-collector Suspects *Me!*

C. PONSFORD, 75, Herrick Road, Saltley, Birmingham.
Words — Words — Words — Meanwhile Trade "Dries Up."

A. M. PRITCHARD, "Verdun," Talyllyn, Brecon.
Tangled Skein—Once "Cat" Finds "Thread."

Mrs. B. REED, 15a, Pembridge Crescent, London, W.
Man Who Gets On—Regardless, Earns Less Regard.

Mrs. D. S. WILL, 8, Highbury Avenue, Salisbury.
An Opening—"Sheath" For "Poverty's Sword."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. BLAKEY, 145, Church Street, Grimsby.
Piece Of Orange-peel—Put Recruit In Step!

Mrs. D. BOND, 25, Kedleston Road, Leicester.
In Difficulties—But Smiling. Village Soprano.

C. S. DALTON, 6, Walter Street, Nottingham.
All The World Wants—Radio, My Neighbour Thinks.

A. N. DREWS, "Roslin," Edward Street, West Bromwich.
Raising The Price—Nature. If "Bargain" Ignored.

R. DYSON, 10, George Street, Stalybridge.
The Cook's Gone And—We're Expecting Anonymous Letter!

G. M. HADDON, 26, Somerset Way, Iver, Bucks.
Man Who Gets On—Own Nerves—Needs Wife!

J. HILL, 134, Doncaster Road, Denaby Main.
The Plodder—Ploughboy Writing To Sweetheart.

W. MITCHELL, "Hasiemere," White Hart Lane, Portchester, Hants.
When Counsel's Finished—With "Microscope," Witness "Telescoped."

A. W. PARK, 93, Alderman Road, Glasgow.
Accepting The Challenge—Baby—Dropping Biscuit Again.

E. TEMBEY, 269, Breck Road, Liverpool.
Piece of Orange-peel—Failed—Uncle Descended Banisters!

A list of 89 10s. and 569 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

As announced, this week's First Prizewinner has option of receiving £300 cash in place of above award.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS."

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed and Co. payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 870.

TO HELP BRITANNIA	IN THE BLOOD	MAN OF MYSTERY
RIGHT THING TO DO	THE ARISTOCRACY	SLYLY
JUDGING BY THE GLOOM	GOING TO BLAZES	POVERTY'S GRIP
AFTER AL. THE TALK	FATHER'S WAY	NEVER CHANGES
SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT	TOUCHING	ONLY
PRESSING THE BUTTON	BETTER	IN LUCK'S WAY
LET'S BE FRIENDS AND	CHARITY'S LIFEBOAT	A BIG THRILL
IN THE HOME PARLIAMENT	NOT STRONG ENOUGH	SILVERY HAIRS
ON THE BLACK LIST	LEGAL BATTLE	INVITING
SERGEANT-MAJOR WIFIE	PAYS NOBODY	FEELING JUMPY
HEARD IN THE RESTAURANT	TO-DAY	

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(870) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Nov. 5
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(870) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Nov. 5
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(870) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Nov. 5
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(870) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., Nov. 5
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

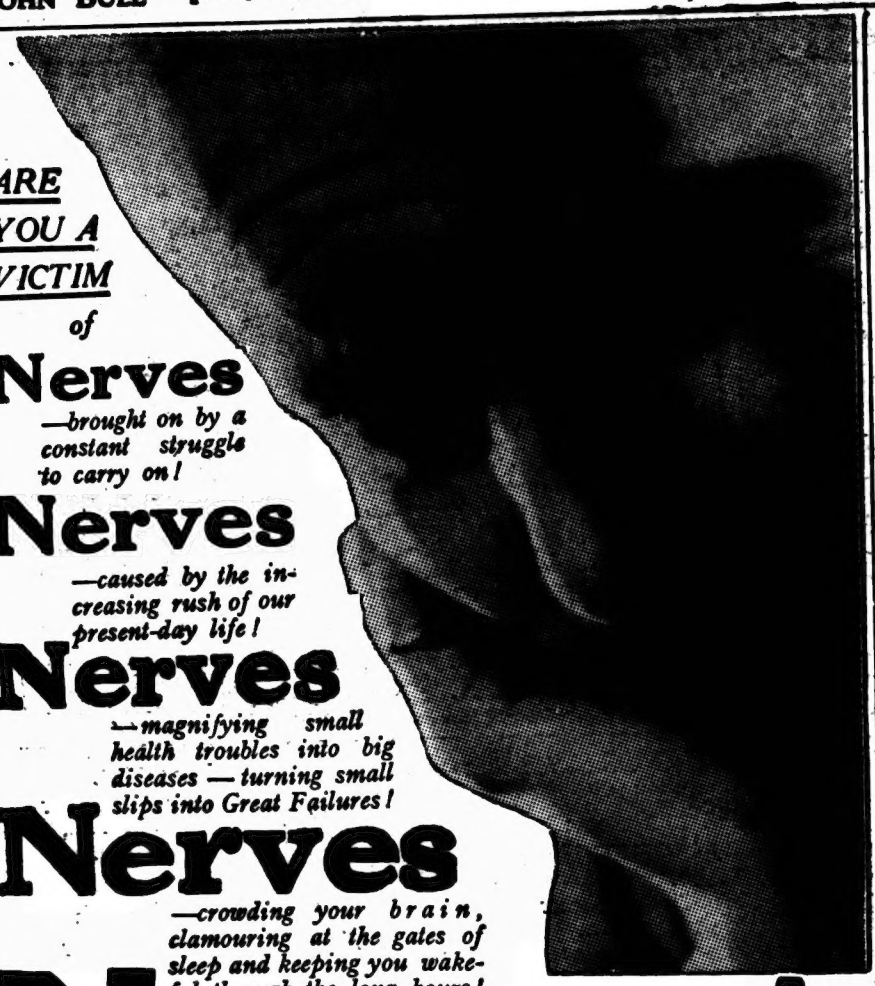
If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 870, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £4, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the chief prizes in No. 870 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300, awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 866, will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. Hallside, 12, Bedford Street, Glasgow.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /&/Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.



ARE YOU A VICTIM of

Nerves

—brought on by a constant struggle to carry on!

Nerves

—caused by the increasing rush of our present-day life!

Nerves

—magnifying small health troubles into big diseases — turning small slips into Great Failures!

Nerves

—crowding your brain, clamouring at the gates of sleep and keeping you wakeful through the long hours!

Nerves!

See the "red light"! Recognise the danger signal NOW and begin at once to invoke the aid of this great Triumph of Modern Medical Science.

In the "Yeast-Vite" Quick-Health Time-Table we have consistently told what "Yeast-Vite" will do. You must have read the line "From 'NERVES' to Steadiness in 10-20 Minutes."

Take two "Yeast-Vite Tablets NOW! See how your jumpy and jangled nerves will be calmed and soothed. See how life gets brighter, tasks gets lighter, worry, exhaustion, restlessness become "things of the past"!

Then, restored, reinvigorated, rejuvenated and refreshed, start right away to enjoy Life again; with Nerves strong as steel, every part of your body fit; brain, blood and muscles vibrant with health.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

- **Shakiness**
- **Dizziness**
- **Feeling of Collapse**
- **Unexplainable Fears**
- **Morbid Thoughts**
- **Inability to Concentrate**
- **Headaches**
- **Depression**
- **Neuralgia**
- **Nerve Pains**
- **Faintness**
- **Brainfag**
- **Restlessness**
- **Neurasthenia**
- **Sleeplessness**
- **Lack of Vital Force**
- **Weakness**
- **Sudden Exhaustion**
- **Palpitation**
- **Digestive Troubles**
- **Nervous Breakdown**

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tonic Tablets from any Chemist, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER and TONIC PROPERTIES of "Yeast-Vite" return the empty carton to Irving's "YEAST-VITE," Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

When asking for "Yeast-Vite," make sure you get the genuine article. Refuse all imitations!

YOU Need Yeast-Vite® Brand

QUICK-TONIC TABLETS. All Chemists: 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per Bottle.

T.C.B.

FREE GIFTS for your HAIR

"HARLENE" (1) HAIR GROWER FREE

The most successful Hair Tonic, Ha FOOD, and Hair Grower ever produce By its use the causes leading to Ha Loss and Baldness are quickly overcom The concentrated nourishment it provid tones, strengthens, and revivifies ea Hair Root and Shaft, "forces" th growth of New Hair on Bald Places, an restores that wavy thickness and luxuriance which makes the hair such an invaluab asset to the whole appearance.

"CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER (2) FREE

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoos (single sachets 3d. each). All Chemists.

"UZON" BRILLIANTINE (3) FREE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. "Uzon" is neither sticky nor greasy and keeps hair in position all day. Discreetly perfumed. All Chemists 1/1½ & 2/9 per bottle.

"HARLENE" WAVE SETTING LOTION (4) FREE

A veritable "economy" boon to ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Protects against damp. Saves £ £ £'s on Hair Waving Bills. 1/3 per bottle.

"HARLENE" CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH (5) FREE

Produces that rare ASH-BLONDE effect and imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has lost its tone. Makes you a "Sunshine" blonde. All Chemists 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per bot.

"ASTOL" for Grey Hair (6) FREE

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour *restorative*. Why look old? Use Astol and look years younger! Bottles 3/- & 5/-.

TO BALD MEN

Baldness, Thinning at the Temples, Impoverished Hair, etc., make you look Old and Careworn. Massage "Harlene" into your scalp for TWO MINUTES a day—the difference in 7 days will amaze you.

From All Chemists 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/9 per Bottle.

If you wish to test Harlene Preparations FREE you may choose any 3 and secure them by posting the coupon.

If you are a victim of

- **—Thinning Hair**
- **—Splitting Hair**
- **—Brittle Hair**
- **—Scurf, Dandruff**
- **—Impoverished Hair**
- **—Lack Lustre Tresses**
- **—Too Dry or Too Greasy Scalp**
- **—Failing Hair or**
- **—Complete or Partial Baldness**

This is an offer which you must not miss. Take advantage of it NOW—Send the coupon AT ONCE.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing a set of ANY 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *Attach Coupon to sheet bearing your name and address and state which numbers are required.*

EDWARDS' HARLENE LTD. (H 906), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

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